THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

VOL. XVI. NO. 18. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1897.---SIXTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

SAVE POOR "LO!"

This Is the Noble Appeal of United States Senator George G. Vest, of Missouri, to the National Legislature of America.

A Grand Tribute to the Work Performed by the Jesuit Fathers Among the Savage Tribes—Senator Vest "Would Rather See the Indians Catholic than Savage."

Senator George G. Vest, of Missouri, in a debate on Indian affairs in the United States Senate on April 15, made a speech which is worth preserving. Without mentioning the A. P. A. he defined their character in a few words, thus:

"Mr. President, this is an appropriation bill, and, as a matter of course, it will pass. I have no disposition to retard the action of the Senate upon it, but I cannot permit my silence to make the impression, even constructively, that I agree with the provisions of the bill in regard to the appropriations for Indian schools. I know that what I shall say—I have said it before in the Senate—will subject me, as it has heretofore done, to the severest criticism of those people who think that they have a monopoly of religious opinion in this country, and who proscribe every human being, who dares to differ with them.

"I do not choose to give utterance to my religious convictions in order to influence any human being, but I shall say, for the purpose of showing that I am entirely disinterested so far as religious denominations are concerned, that I am a Protestant and have not the slightest sympathy with any of the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church. I was born and reared a Protestant, and expect to die one. I am exceedingly sorry that I am not a good Catholic, for I think that some of the best people I have ever known are members of that denomination, and I have no doubt that the Roman Catholic Church has done more in the form of practical charity than any other denomination that has ever existed.

"I have not the slightest sympathy with that detestable prejudice based upon the idea that any church can attack the liberties of the American people. Such an opinion comes, in my judgment, either from cowardice or ignorance. There is no danger so long as there is free discussion and freedom of conscience in this or any other country.

"Mr. President, I had occasion to say before, and I repeat it, that this drastic provision in this bill, declaring that the Congress of the United States will not make any appropriation to a sectarian school of any denomination, does not meet with my concurrence. We are bound to dispose of this Indian question in some fashion. I do not propose to enter into any academic discussion as to the wrongs of the Indians or their rights. I content myself simply with the assertion, known to all of us to be true, that these unfortunate people are upon us and must be provided for. We know that as to the old Indians, the blanket Indians, who believe that labor is degrading, who have no idea of self-support, the future is entirely hopeless. The only chance for the elevation of this race, if it be possible at all, which I sometimes doubt, is in rescuing the younger Indians from the influences of the tepee, where they are taught that no man can be an honorable man who labors with his hands or brain for his support.

"Mr. President, my ideas upon this question do not come from theory. My education made me prejudiced against the Jesuits. I was reared to believe that the Society of Jesus was based upon monarchial principles opposed to the genius and spirit of our institutions. Some years ago I was a member of the Committee on Indian Affairs of this body, and it became my duty to visit every one of the Indian tribes in Wyoming and Montana. I performed that duty, going into the Indian country at Fort Washakie, in Wyoming, concluding my journey at Fort Assininiboine, within thirty miles of the Canadian line. I visited every Indian school, and my immediate observation and personal investigation fixed my opinions on this question for all time to come.

"I assert here now that there is not a single lay Indian school upon this continent that is worth one dollar to the Indians or to the cause of civilization and religion. They are travesties upon education. I found them with eight or nine hundred scholars upon the books, and with no attendance exceeding a half-dozen, except upon ration days, when beeves were killed and meat was distributed to the tribe. I found old, broken-down preachers and defunct politicians sent there to teach these Indians who never saw them, and, upon examination, I found that the Indian children, for whose education we were paying thousands of dollars every year, were ignorant of the very first elementary principles of the commonest education in any school that we had.

"I found that the only schools that have ever done the Indians any good are those conducted by the Jesuits. They have devoted their lives to them. It is impossible that a Protestant minister or a Protestant teacher should turn his back upon civilization, and for a thousand or twelve hundred dollars a year discharge the duties in an Indian tribe of bringing them out of barbarism into the sunlight of civilization and Christianity. You may call it fanaticism, but it does the work. The ceremonial of the Catholic Church attracts the Indians. They are devoted to the 'black robes,' as they call the priests. I have found it so everywhere, and it will be so.

"What is the result? Go to the tribes which have been under the control of the Jesuits, and you can see an advance in civilization found nowhere else. Go to the Flathead reservation in Montana, through which the Northern Pacific Railroad runs, and as you look out of the car window you would imagine yourself in a Pennsylvania or even in a Massachusetts settlement, houses, horses, cattle—all the evidences of an advance to such civilization as we enjoy.

"How was it brought about? By the self-denying and self-consecrating influences of those Jesuits, with whom I have no religious sympathy, but whom I would employ to do this work if they did it better than anyone else. If I had control of this thing of Indian education, I would give it to the people who could do it best and cheapest. I would give it to those who had studied it, who have taken the young Indians away from the tepees, segregated them from their fathers and mothers, kept them under immediate supervision, and taught them the religion of Christ, even if the cross was the emblem of that religion. I would infinitely rather see them Catholics than see them savages. I do not belong, thank God, to any sect that would rather see a human being damned than in the Catholic Church.

"Mr. President, what is this provision in this bill? It first starts out with a declaration that the policy of this government is to make no appropriation for a sectarian school; and, second, that 40 per cent. of the appropriations may be given to a school, a Jesuit school, perhaps, or any other school belonging to any denomination, if a non-sectarian school cannot be had in that vicinity. This simply declares that if the whole of the Indian tribes, now in savagery and barbarism, could be redeemed by a religious denomination, it shall not be done. I would, I repeat, give this duty and mission to the people who could perform it best; and I declare here and now, as the result of actual experience and observation, that I have never yet seen any intelligent man who spoke from the same standpoint who dared to contradict the assertion that the only schools that have done anything for the Indians on this continent have been those under the control of the Jesuits.

"Having said this much, Mr. President, I declare, in conclusion, that, while I cannot defeat this bill and do not propose to attempt it, I wish, notwithstanding the criticisms that I know will follow, to put myself on record against the provision to which I have alluded."

A. O. H. GOSSIP.

Every Hibernian in Illinois will be glad to hear of the election of Brother F. Quinn as treasurer of the city of Joliet. For twenty years back the work of Brother Quinn in the ranks of the A. O. H. has won him the esteem of every one engaged in the labor for society and race. It is a sincere pleasure to note that sterling worth and true patriotism find appreciation among the citizens who had an opportunity to estimate the value of the president of Will county A. O. H.

Mrs. William Heffernan, state secretary of the Ladies Auxiliary of Illinois, is still seriously ill, and it is feared many months will elapse before she will be recovered sufficiently to resume the duties of her office.

All correspondence should be sent to Mrs. J. F. Quinn, North Chicago street, Joliet, Ill., state president of the Ladies' Auxiliary, until such time as Mrs. Heffernan's health is fully restored.

The ball of Div. 16 was a social and financial success. The floor space of Federation hall was crowded when the grand march broke up for the first quadrille on the programme. A pretty feature of the evening was the distribution of the programmes by two little tots, Miss Ellen Flanagan and Angela Cogan respectively, daughter and niece of Brother James A. Flanagan, president of Div. 16. Too much praise can not be given to Brother Flanagan and his able committee, consisting of Brothers J. Cogan, Ed. McGettrick, J. Gready, B. Cogan, G. Pratt, J. J. McGinty, M. W. Gaughan, P. Henry, Hugh Cox, P. Meaney, J. Brazil, M. Feeney, S. Murphy, W. J. Costello, M. Lanehan, M. Durkin and J. Dooley. The arrangements for the comfort of the guests were perfect, and the visitors were loud in their praise of the good management. Div. 2 was well represented there, but the inclemency of the weather prevented any number of other divisions from attending.

MOR.

The Irish Language

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Ralleigh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

BE READY.

BY PATRICK TAYLOR M'GOVERN.

Old Europe's sky is overcast—
Be ready, boys, be ready—
The clouds of war are gathering fast—
Be ready, boys, be ready—
And every cloud is tinged with red,
And earth is trembling with the tread
Of armies, dight with steel and lead—
Be ready, boys, be ready.

Thessalian plains and passes reek—
Be ready, boys, be ready—
With gore of fallen Turk and Greek—
Be ready, boys, be ready.
The tide will swell, the carnage spread,
And vultures feast on fields of dead,
Our foe awaits in anxious dread—
Be ready, boys, be ready.

Our foe—the foe of all that's good—
Be ready, boys, be ready—
Can he escape that crimson flood?—
Be ready, boys, be ready.
The Imperial bully quakes for fear
His hour of doom is rolling near;
When that blessed hour of hope is here—
Be ready, boys, be ready.

In vain the world will look for peace—
Be ready, boys, be ready—
Till Turk and British rule shall cease—
Be ready, boys, be ready.
The nations they have plundered long—
By force, the weak; by fraud, the strong;
Grown fat on crime, on rampant wrong,
Be ready, boys, be ready.

They tremble for their crumbling thrones—
Be ready, boys, be ready—
The world is sick of kingly drones—
Be ready, boys, be ready.
The storm is burst, the thunders peal!
War speeds her bolts of flaming steel—
False Britain soon the shock will feel—
Be ready, boys, be ready.

Meade and His Men.

Gen. Horace Porter relates the following anecdote of Gen. Meade in his "Campaigning With Grant" in the May Century:

Gen. Meade was a most accomplished officer. He had been thoroughly educated in his profession, and had a complete knowledge of both the science and the art of war in all its branches. He was well read, possessed of a vast amount of interesting information, had cultivated his mind as a linguist, and spoke French with fluency. When foreign officers visited the front they were invariably charmed by their interviews with the commander of the Army of the Potomac. He was a disciplinarian to the point of severity, was entirely subordinate to his superiors, and no one was more prompt than he to obey orders to the letter. In his intercourse with his officers the bluntness of the soldier was always conspicuous, and he never took pains to smooth anyone's ruffled feelings.

There was an officer serving in the Army of the Potomac who had formerly been a surgeon. One day he appeared at Meade's headquarters in a high state of indignation, and said: "General, as I was riding over here some of the men in the adjoining camps shouted after me and called me 'Old Pills,' and I would like to have it stopped." Meade just at that moment was not in the best possible frame of mind to be approached with such a complaint. He seized hold of the eye-glasses, conspicuously large in size, which he always wore, clapped them astride of his nose with both hands, glared through them at the officer, and exclaimed: "Well, what of that? How can I prevent it? Why, I hear that, when I rode out the other day, some of the men called me a d—d old goggle-eyed snapping-turtle,' and I can't even stop that!" The officer had to content himself with this explosive expression of a sympathetic fellow-feeling, and to take his chances thereafter as to obnoxious epithets.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and billousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG.

Such Is the Appeal of the Officers of the Irish National Alliance to the Irish-American Organizations Throughout the Union.

Nothing Effective for the Liberty of Ireland Can Be Obtained Without Unity of Action, Purpose and Organization.

The following address has been sent out to all Irish-American societies by the officers of the Irish National Alliance:

HEADQUARTERS I. N. A., POTTER BUILDING, NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1897—*To the Members of All Irish Societies*—BROTHERS—The great and only object for which the Irish National Alliance was brought into existence was to effect the union of Irishmen in one grand confederation, with the single purpose of achieving the absolute independence of Ireland. All societies in which Irishmen are combined for any purpose whatsoever, not adverse to the promotion of Ireland's welfare, and the securing of her indisputable right to sovereign nationhood, were invited to share in the formation and building up of this alliance or confederation. And every man of the Irish race, not dead to all thought of the welfare of the land of his fathers, was welcomed to membership of this confederacy, which can be rendered capable of turning into stern reality the dreams and aspirations of our people. If Ireland is still in chains it is because her sons have not played the part of men, who sincerely wished to see her free. Apathy and half heartedness have been the characteristics of the many, and only the few, the gallant few, have done and dared and suffered. There are many professors of love for the dear old land, and we have no doubt but that there would be a big muster if the struggle had once begun, but this will not do. There can be no beginning of a supreme effort for Ireland's sake, until such an Irish union has been effected as shall enable us to place failure without the pale of our consideration. A united Irish people can command the sympathy and admiration of the world, and count on certain victory over the English enemy.

In 1798 a single county was able to whip the best armies England could put in the field, and her crack regiments fled in terror before a handful of French soldiers. If a practically unarmed crowd of untrained and undisciplined men could hold at bay and time and time again inflict defeat on thousands of British veterans, and, finally, through their own folly, being obliged to surrender to an army of 137,000 men, what could thirty-two counties backed by 20,000 Frenchmen not accomplish? Ireland's independence is in our hands, but mere talk will not win it; nor can it be gained by passing resolutions and hurrahing. Disunion and dawdling mean the continuation of her slavery; unity, earnestness and singleness of purpose her emancipation. The Irish National Alliance makes this unity possible. The only plank in its platform is the securing of the independence of Ireland. It declares that the "people of Ireland are a sovereign people," that "liberty is their birthright," that "England's claim to authority in Ireland originated in force and has been maintained by corruption and coercion," that "the independence of a nation can not be achieved by debate, but must be won upon the field of battle," that "the men of Ireland who are being driven into exile or into the graves of serfs in their native land by English misgovernment are entitled by the laws of God and man to use every means in their power to drive from their country the tyrant and usurper," and, finally, "that Ireland has the right to make England's difficulty her opportunity, and to use all possible means to create that difficulty."

The only pledge exacted is: "I hereby pledge my word of honor, to aid by every means within my power, in conformity with the constitution and by-laws of the Irish National Alliance, in securing the independence of Ireland." Can any Irishman ask for more? Is there any man worthy to be accounted as of the Irish race willing to accept less and be satisfied? Surely not. The Alliance does not interfere, and does not seek to interfere, with the individuality of any organization or society whatsoever, or to question its motives or its objects. It only asks that all Irish societies, whether social, benevolent, athletic, military or revolutionary, subscribe to its principle, stand on its single plank platform, become part and parcel of this Irish confederacy for Ireland's sake. By this confederation of societies, each remaining uninterfered with and untrammelled, as far as its individual or special purpose is concerned, we can have a true and lasting union of Irishmen. And with such a union there need be no fear of the future of the Irish cause.

Men of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, of the Clan-na-Gael, of the various county and benevolent organizations, of the Gaelic athletic clubs, of the military bodies, let your council, camps, clubs, divisions, companies, immediately affiliate themselves with the Irish National Alliance. We appeal to you for this union by the love you bear the land of your fathers; by the holy graves in Ireland in which sleep your own; by the memory of her sufferings and her wrongs; by the memory of the millions who perished by famine and the sword, and those other millions whose bones strew the Atlantic, or lie in unmarked graves the world over; by the memory of the dead who died for her in the dungeon and on the scaffold; by all that to you is sacred. If you would have Ireland independent, if you would place her among the nations, let no man, let no petty or local differences stand in the way of this confederacy. In order to simplify matters we have, after due consideration, determined that any division, company, camp, club, etc., of any Irish society, shall be entitled to a charter of affiliation as a regular council of the Irish National Alliance, on the payment of the sum of $10, which charter shall entitle such council to regular representation at all meetings and conventions of the confederacy.

WM. LYMAN, Pres. I. N. A.
O'NEIL RYAN, Vice-Pres.
P. V. FITZPATRICK, Treas.
C. O'CONNOR MCLOUGHLIN, Sec.

Executive Committee—John J. Donovan, Lowell, Mass.; Martin Kelly, Memphis, Tenn.; J. Sheehy, San Francisco, Cal.; Thos. J. Dundon, Columbus, Ohio; James Lawlor, Galveston, Texas; Chris. Gallagher, Minneapolis, Minn.; Michael Mangan, Fond Du Lac, Wis.; J. M. Kennedy, Anaconda, Mont.; Thos. H. Greevy, Altoona, Penn.

LETTER FROM MR. EDGEWORTH, D. L.

EDGEWORTHSTOWN, Ireland, April 8, 1897.—The following is the able letter of Mr. Edgeworth addressed to the Dublin Mansion House Committee:

"In reply to your card—How about the All Ireland Convention agreed to unanimously at our Mansion House Conference last February? Is same postponed sine die? or did your committee, proprio motu, substitute for the proposed meeting, when all Ireland was to have been represented, the highly resultless deputation to the Chancellor of the Exchequer? If so, I agree with the whole country in thinking change injudicious, to say the least of it. We wanted to hold the convention before the debate, because the vote of the united nation must have at least [illegible] the hands of the Irish [illegible] might have influenced for good some of those Irish hermaphrodites who recognize, and are masculine enough to denounce, their country's wrongs on this side of the water, but, with worse than feminine inconsistency, give their votes (probably for value expected) to the most anti-Irish ministry of the century. We thought that the convention might help on our cause, whereas your deputation seem to have rather given themselves away to the wily Sir Michael. 'Which taxes do you propose should be remitted? What! No suggestion! Quite fruitless to discuss alleged grievances for which no remedy is brought forward. Safe home, gentlemen.' So cooed the Chancellor of the Exchequer like a sucking dove to your deputation, but how different from his tone in the debate. 'We have a majority of 150, and this makes us superior to all puny considerations such as logic, justice, argument, facts, figures, and treaties.' Our reply to your demand for redress is—'We are the strongest, and we will keep you down'—and his worthy colleague, Mr. Goschen (arcades ambo) naturally followed suit.

"Now, in my humble opinion, the deputation might well have said—'Remit the awful drain of the imperial contribution of Ireland—about two millions sterling—and give us a volunteer grant on the same scale as in England; then we will undertake to protect our country from any foreign enemy by training and equipping a volunteer force as we did so successfully in 1782'—or their reply might have been, 'As it is evident that England ought not in fairness to be judge and jury in our own case, will you consent to submit the report of the financial commission for arbitration thereon to the United States of America, who are a friendly power, who speak a common language, are accustomed to arbitration, and ought from past experience to be excellent authorities upon what is fair or unfair in matters of taxation? Ireland will undertake to accept the verdict of America as final, and, pending that decision, as earnest of good faith and good will, let the 2,750,000 of taxation which have been pronounced to be excessive be held up in suspense; grant us agricultural relief on same scale as yourselves, and give the Irish Catholics a million and a half or two millions for the endowment of a Catholic university, a crying want, too long deferred in deference to the prejudices of a few obsolete and narrow-headed bigots.'

"But your deputation thought fit to answer not at all, and they came emphatically empty-handed away. As to this question of arbitration, the idea has quite caught on in America, and if a convention is held, and if you approve of the suggestion, will your committee draw up some such resolution as the following—'That arbitration upon Ireland's financial grievances by the United States of America, or any other great friendly power mutually agreed upon, would be the most effective peaceful solution of the present vexed question of overtaxation of Ireland?' If you assent I think I can promise that effective speakers will be found to support such resolution. At any rate the time is past for milk and rose water declamation. It is evident waste of time and wealth to appeal to England's sense of justice and to treaty obligations if we wish to raise our wretched country from the abysmal slough of despond—where she is at present choking. Active expedients must be devised and powerful alliances must be sought. The prestige of the moral support of the great American republic, if it can be obtained, would seem to be Ireland's most natural, most potent and most attainable auxiliary in this the hour of her extremest need. At least so thinks yours truly,

A. E. EDGEWORTH.

Hard On the Doctors.

"I mane that he got something that killed him," said the witness in a recent case for damages, when the county court judge inquired what he meant by an expression that he (the witness) had just used—"He was doctored." So that to "doctor" a sufferer, rational or irrational, is to kill, and this use of the word "doctor," of all the words in the dictionary, connotes a disposition on our part to convey that doctors do sometimes—well, not cure. It is no blame to physicians or doctors that medical knowledge is not in a less empirical state in some of its branches; but surely consecrating the use of that awful signification of the term, as revealed above, is hard on the physicians and their surgeries. The worst of it is that the witness who used the term was more representative of the extent of its recognition than was the (ignorant?) judge who "came to judgment." Some years ago the physician to the police force was addressing a meeting and made some unappreciative remark about the Fenians. A wag in the audience cried out, when the murmurs against the remark were growing, "Three cheers for Doctor ——! Sure he killed more policemen than ever the Fenians did." A clergyman in the County Galway told me that he was urging a sick man, who had rather easily despaired of his recovery, to have the doctor called in. "Well, without any disrespect to your reverence," he replied, "I'd rather die a natural death." The late Mr. LeFanu as well as I remember, tells a good stor in his only book. A County Limeric man went to order a coffin for a neighbor. "I'm sorry," said a man to who he was speaking on his way to the tow "to hear that poor Jim is dead." "[illegible] he's not dead yet," said the messen "but the doctor was there this ever and says he can't live till morning: sure he knows what kind of medi he gave him."—Dublin Freeman.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Is Consumption Contagious?

The question of isolation for those afflicted with consumption is being widely discussed by the health boards of the great cities. Many leading scientists believe this method of checking the disease impracticable and that the pharmacopœia must furnish the means of eradication. The discovery by Dr. Stevens of "Cannabis Sativa," the East Indian Consumption Cure, is the greatest step of medical science towards conquering this dread disease. Thousands of cases, pronounced hopeless, have been entirely cured, and there is no longer any question of the remarkable efficacy of this wonderful remedy in curing all diseases of the lungs, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases. To any one suffering from any of these diseases, who will enclose a stamp and mention this paper, the recipe will be mailed free. Address W. A. Noyes, Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Vacation Days.

In the Lake Regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and South Dakota, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, are hundreds of charming localities preeminently fitted for summer homes, nearly all of which are located on or near lakes which have not been fished out. These resorts range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel shirt costume for every meal. Among the list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest road in the Northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. Send a two-cent stamp for a copy of "Vacation Days" giving a description of the principal resorts, and a list of summer hotels and boarding houses, and rates for board, to George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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DEDICATION OF GENERAL GRANT'S NEW PALACE OF REST.

Great Warships Thunder Out a Requiem as the Services Close and a Multitude Stands Watching the Ceremony and the Magnificent Pageant That Marks the Day—Tens of Thousands from All Over the Country Present at the Exercises.

New York, April 27.—All day yesterday soldiers of the regular army and National guard marched through the handsomely decorated streets of New York from the railroad station and ferry landings to their quarters. Every train brought notable people to the city, among the arrivals being President McKinley, Vice President Hobart, the cabinet officers, members of the diplomatic corps, senators, representatives, and governors of states. Late last evening the last of the foreign warships, the Italian cruiser Dogali, steamed into port. Last night a wind and rain storm cooled and cleared the air. Today is fair and pleasant, and everything ready for the dedication of the massive tomb in Riverside park in which rests the remains of America's great soldier, Ulysses S. Grant. Early yesterday the crowded streets, cars and hotels gave proof that a multitude of people had come to town, although the suburbs had not yet begun to send their hundreds of thousands.

GRANT'S TOMB, NEW YORK.

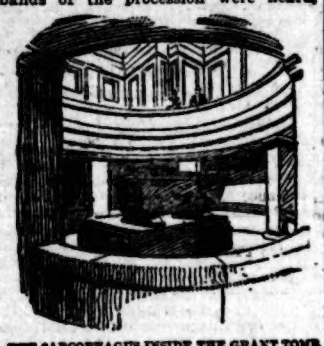
Will Outclass the Queen's Jubilee.

More people will behold today's pageant than will see the queen's show in London next month, for the line of march here stretches for several miles, and much of the route is alongside of the parks and vacant lots, upon which have been built great stands with cushioned seats, canvass roofs and restaurants, for the spectators are expected to occupy their places for several hours, from the time President McKinley's carriage passes in the morning until the last of the 55,000 men goes by in the afternoon. The making up of the parade the grand marshal, General Grenville M. Dodge, excluded many civic bodies which asked for places, and gave room to the regular militia of the several states, and the Grand Army and kindred organizations. The white squadron lies in the North river opposite the tomb, and the foreign war vessels are anchored below.

EXERCISES AT THE DEDICATION.

Began at 9:20 a. m. and Will Not Close Until Dark.

The exercises of the day will be carried out precisely as arranged weeks ago. The president and other distinguished guests left Fifth Avenue hotel at 9:20 a. m., and escorted by a squadron of cavalry proceeded to the tomb, where a stand in the open air had been set apart for them. At 10:30 a. m. the head of the parading column moved from Madison Square. At 11 o'clock the exercises at the tomb, prayer, singing by a great choir and speeches, began, and at 1 o'clock p. m., when the bands of the procession were heard,



THE SARCOPHAGUS INSIDE THE GRANT TOMB.

the exercises concluded. At 1:30 p. m. the head of the column reached the tomb, the fleet fired a salute of twenty-one guns, and the review of the parade began. At 2 o'clock the naval parade moved and at 5 o'clock President McKinley will leave the reviewing stand at the tomb and embark on the dispatch boat Dolphin to review the warships.

In the evening the president and the other guests of the city, including the officers of the warships in port, will be entertained at receptions. The massive mausoleum in Riverside Park was completed only a few days ago, and was handsomely decorated with flowers and bunting. During the exercises at the tomb every foot of ground within seeing distance was covered with people, both above and below. It was an ocean of faces and the hearts of those present beat in unison with the eulogiums uttered on the great American soldier, the "Old Commander."

While the Cubans determined not to have any official vessel in the marine display the cause of Cuba libre was not without its representative. The members of the junta considered it unwise to have their cause officially represented, but influential members of the Cuban colony chartered the Sam Sloan, a passenger steamer, for the day. She was decorated with Cuban and American flags, and a band played Cuban patriotic airs. A number of members of the junta accepted invitations to go aboard her to take part in the ceremonies.

The little brick tomb in which the body of General Grant remained during the twelve years that the permanent tomb was building was torn down last night. Every brick and bit of stone which had gone to make up the structure was carefully handled and piled in a heap. This heap was fenced about and a guard placed over it, so as to protect the bricks from relic hunters. The remains of the little tomb will not be removed until after the ceremonies at the new tomb are all over, and it is not known yet what will be done with them.

THE NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

Synopsis of the Proceedings of the Lawmakers at Washington.

Washington, April 23.—In the senate Allen introduced a resolution of sympathy with Greece, which went to the foreign relations committee. Morgan made a bitter attack on Speaker Reed, whom he called the "Great white filibuster" owing to "inaction" of the house. Allen wanted complete cessation of business until the committees were appointed. The Nelson substitute for the Torrey bankruptcy bill was passed and an executive session was held. Adjourned as a mark of respect to the memory of Representative Holman to Monday.

The house debated the senate amendments to the Indian appropriation bill and those of unimportance were agreed to, a special order having been adopted for their consideration without reference to a committee. Adjourned in honor of the memory of Representative Holman.

Washington, April 24.—The house concluded consideration of the senate amendments to the Indian appropriation bill, disagreeing with those referring to the opening under the mineral land laws of the Uncompahgre reservation and modifying the clause regarding the deposits of gilsonite so as to lease the deposits for limited terms of years. Twenty-five members were appointed to attend the Grant monument unveiling at New York next week. Adjourned to Monday.

Washington, April 27.—The senate chamber had a deserted appearance when the session opened yesterday, many of the senators having gone to New York to attend the Grant ceremonies. When the Indian bill was reported back from the house an effort was made to send it to conference, but Gorman objected, saying that it had been understood that no business whatever was to be transacted. Thereupon, at 12:05 p. m. the senate adjourned to Thursday.

The house held a purely formal session. Many of the members had gone to New York to attend the Grant tomb exercises, and under the arrangement made last Friday, after the reading of the journal an adjournment was immediately taken until Thursday. The president's message transmitting the report of the Mexican boundary line commission was, however, received before adjournment.

REFUSED TO RENOUNCE THE GIRL.

Romance in the Case of Spalding, the Chicago Failed Banker.

Chicago, April 26.—Love, not locks, made Charles Warren Spalding, disgraced and defaulting treasurer of public moneys, a prisoner in the county jail. Love for Miss Sarah Louise Erwin, and fidelity to her, if renounced, offered a way to freedom for him up to the very minute a cell swallowed him. He refused to try at that price. Among the emotions that affected Spalding when he appeared at the bar of Judge Dunne's court for the first time Saturday morning, that of anger was noticeable. He knew that former friends, who alone could rescue him from imprisonment, had deserted him in the most trying hour of his life. Other friends, who would but could not save him from the indignity of imprisonment, were there to encourage him as best they could.

"An infamous proposition was made to me just before I came to the court, and I am only sorry I cannot resent in other ways than by its rejection." Then he told a friend that he had been offered a bond big enough to cover anything that may be brought against him if he would "throw over" forever Sarah Louise Ervin, and he said: "Liberty is as dear to me as to any man, but I can't purchase it at the price of honor." To him, through all his trouble, shines a ray of hope that he will be able to clear and extricate himself and have something left. And he wants to make Miss Ervin his wife.

His most intimate friends declare that he has never been more than a protector to the girl. They ask no one to believe it with them. The unfortunate fact that he is separated from his wife and his admiration for and attention to Miss Ervin they know were bound to be productive of scandal, but still the few who knew Saturday that he sacrificed his liberty to his love applauded him for it. His counsel, John M. Oliver, who said with him to the last, knew of the alternative offered to his client.

RAVAGES OF THE FLOOD.

The DesMoines River Trying to Rival the Great Mississippi.

Ottumwa, Ia., April 27.—The Des Moines river is higer than ever known before, fifteen inches higher than the famous flood of 1892, and higher than 1876 and 1858, when a large amount of damage was done. All the small streams in southern Iowa are also out of their banks. Bridges are gone, communication by highway is cut off, and railroad traffic almost at a standstill. The Chicago and Denver line of the Burlington is cut in two by five miles of inundated track. The Burlington is not attempting to maintain freight train service from Chariton to St. Joe, Mo., Chariton to Indianola, and Albia to Des Moines. The Burlington is sending its through passenger and mail trains from Chicago to Denver over the Galesburg and St. Louis division and the Hannibal and St. Joe to Omaha.

The Rock Island has five miles of road under water west of the city. It kept up the train service with Keokuk until yesterday afternoon, when a large section of track went out at Cliffland, south of Ottumwa, which shuts off the Rock Island both east and west. The Milwaukee round house, yards and several hundred feet of track are under water. Part of one approach to the bridge is taken away. Trains can be run only between Ottumwa and Marion. The Kansas City line is cut off entirely. Fort Madison maintains service by using the Rock Island track for a distance out of the city. The Iowa Central is running no trains. The Wabash can get in from the south, but cannot get out going north, except over the Milwaukee and Rock Island tracks through the eastern part of the state.

ARE FOUND WANTING

GREECE WILL HAVE NO MORE TO DO WITH THE POWERS.

Abandonment of Larissa Declared a Demonstration of Impotence — Athens Wrapped in Gloom Over the Way the War Has Gone.

Paris, April 26.—The Figaro's Berlin correspondent says it is semi-officially announced that Greece will neither solicit nor accept the intervention of the powers, and is preparing to negotiate direct with Turkey.

Rome, April 26.—L'Opinione semi-officially says this morning: The hour is grave for Greece. Her abandonment of Larissa is more than a defeat. It is a demonstration of impotence, and its consequences are incalculable unless she has the courage to negotiate and to withdraw her troops from Crete.

How They Are Feeling at Athens.

Athens, April 26.—It is useless to deny that a very gloomy view of the war prospects is taken here by the better informed. There are, however, no signs of panic. The city exhibits an attitude of dignified endurance, while many persons still show an unabated enthusiasm for fight. This symptom is particularly noticeable among the wounded now in Athens. Their one desire seems to be healed in order that they may rejoin the colors. Naturally this spirit is much fostered by the confirmation of the reports that the Turks have burned the Greek wounded in a church at Kurtzivoli. The Turks lighted fires under the bodies of wounded beasts. Many of the Greek wounded implored their comrades to kill them; others committed suicide.

May Be a Memorable Battle.

The news of the loss of Mati was received during the small hours of Saturday morning. The premier and the minister of war were immediately summoned to the palace, where a council of the ministry sat until after daybreak. There was some difference of opinion, but it was finally decided, in view of the exhaustion of the Greek troops and numerical superiority of the Turks, to order a retreat to Pharsala. The Greek stand will be made at Pharsala, which once again may become the scene of a memorable battle. The battle of Mati lasted all Friday, the Greeks defending their positions with great intrepidity. Prince Constantin and Prince Nicholas were both continually under fire, and the latter greatly distinguished himself. The Turks, strongly re-inforced, succeeded in breaking the Greek lines at 6 in the evening. The Turkish cavalry delivered repeated magnificent charges; the fighting continued into the night.

Telegraphs of His Defeat.

During the afternoon Colonel Macris, commanding the first division, called for the support of Colonel Mavromicalis, commanding the second division. The latter arrived only just in time to cover the retreat from Mati. At 6 o'clock Colonel Mavromicalis wired to General Smolenits at Reveni: "I am defeated and retiring to Kazaklar. Act according to your judgment." It is presumed that Reveni will be evacuated forthwith and the whole frontier line abandoned. Gloom and despondency sit on every countenance. The only gleam of consolation is the report that Pantepigadis is out-flanked and the the way open to Janina. This, however, needs official confirmation.

POWERS TALK OF INTERVENTION.

Opinion at London That the War Will Be Over in a Week.

London, April 26.—[Copyright, 1897, by the Associated Press.]—What seems likely to be the last week of the war was entered upon yesterday. It is difficult from the tangle of conflicting telegrams to understand the exact position of affairs. Following the Greek defeat at Larissa London opinion is almost unanimous that the end is in sight, and this view is probably shared by the powers, as they are already moving to intervene. For Larissa has fallen without a blow being struck directly thereat. The entrenchments at Larissa were of the most modern construction and looked as though they were impregnable to anything except an overwhelming force. But after a desperate stand made at Mati the Greek troops were driven back by force of numbers and retreated from both Larissa and Tyrnavo. Thus two strongholds have fallen into the hands of the Turks.

So it is thought that the time for Europe to intervene has arrived. It is believed that intervention will first take the form of a suggestion of armistice, to which the combatants would no doubt agree. Since Saturday afternoon the British foreign office has been in close communication with the other members of the European concert, Great Britain suggesting that the time has now arrived for them to act. The French, German and Italian governments have already responded, offering to agree, though the German government adds as a condition that it will be necessary to exact a pledge from Greece to obey the mandate of Europe when this mandate is again given. The British foreign office believes that Greece will give this pledge, as the disasters which have overtaken her have demonstrated that Turkey still possesses a formidable fighting machine, a fact which must have a sobering effect upon the popular demand for war at Athens, and which will permit the Greek nation to climb down without disgrace, after a superb vindication of the personal courage of the Greek troops and a gratifying demonstration of Hellenic patriotism. If the Greeks listen to reason it is not improbable that a decision will be reached by tomorrow, before which it is not supposed here that Edhem Pasha or Osman Pasha will have time to do more than to appear at Pharsala.

Attempt to Kill Humbert.

Rome, April 23.—King Humbert, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, General Pondis Vaglia, was going to witness the Royal Derby yesterday when the attempt was made on his life by Acciriato. His majesty's assailant, who was waiting outside St. John's Gate, rushed up to the carriage in which his majesty was seated and attempted to stab him. The king avoided the dagger by rising from his seat. Acciriato, who is an iron worker out of employment, seeing that he had failed in his attempt to assassinate the king, threw away his dagger. He was immediately arrested by two carabineers, while his majesty calmly ordered his coachman to drive on.

LIQUOR MANUFACTURE IN IOWA.

Tanglefoot Can Be Constructed in the Hawkeye State Again.

Des Moines, Ia., April 23.—When the new code of laws of Iowa goes into effect next October the manufacture of intoxicating liquors in this state will be legal. The lower house settled the matter by a vote of 55 to 41 after another hot fight. The house passed a manufacturing bill. The senate passed a substitute for the house bill. The house passed the senate's substitute with but one minor amendment. The amendment offered by Druet in the senate was voted on separately in the house and was adopted by 52 to 32.

The one amendment made by the house, proposed by Martin, of Adair, author of the mulct law, is to leagalize the bills for liquors sold by wholesale dealers. The Druet amendment was the one by the passage of which his vote was secured for the manufacturing bill in the senate. It provides for the opening of saloons under the mulct law in cities between 2,500 and 5,000, where 50 per cent. of the voters of the county sign a petition of consent.

The senate adopted an amendment depriving railway companies of the exemption the house granted them from payment of city taxes on lines running through agricultural or horticultural lands inside cities or towns. The house discussed the code publication bill, voting down an amendment to have the code published by contract instead of by a state printer and binder.

KENTUCKY FIGHT IS SETTLED.

Republican Caucus Nominates Wm. J. Deboe for the Senate.

Frankfort, Ky., April 24.—The Republican joint legislative caucus nominated William J. Deboe about midnight last night. Baird, the gold Democrat, was present and there were some paired absentees. Baird was ruled out in the count necessary to elect, but they allowed him to vote nevertheless. Rev. Mr. Grider was the first man to turn to Deboe, who started out with thirty-one votes—within five of the number for nomination. Holt showed weakness from the beginning, and the vote for the others was scarcely worth mentioning. The number of scattering votes—nine—indicated to those who know a thing or two that the caucus would arrive at some conclusion last night.

Baird's vote for Deboe on one ballot gave him thirty-two votes, but it only counted as thirty-one. After the twenty-fourth ballot it was decided that the hindmost man must be dropped. The absentees were divided between Lewis and Boyle. The five bolters up to this time and further along declined to vote. On the twenty-sixth ballot Evans was dropped, being the lowest. Deboe was still within five of an election and the bolters could have nominated him. On the twenty-eight ballot the bolters came in and settled the matter.

ELEMENTAL HAVOC IN IOWA.

Rain and Wind Work Great Damage to Property—A Cow's Adventures.

Des Moines, Ia., April 24.—There was a tremendous rain fall Thursday night all over the state, which caused much damage. It was accompanied by a high wind, taking off roofs, tearing down trees and moving buildings. One barn containing a cow was carried 200 yards and the cow unhurt. Two bridges on the Chicago-Rock Island railway between here and Holly Junction were swept away. The bridge on the Chicago Great Western at Berwick is gone. There were numerous other railway damages, and tracks submerged. Hundreds of people fled from their homes in the lowlands. The Des Moines and Raccoon rivers are within two feet of high water mark and still rising.

Appointments to Office.

Washington, April 27.—Among the nominations sent to the senate yesterday were the following: William R. Day, of Ohio, to be assistant secretary of state; Bellamy Storer, of Ohio, to be minister to Belgium; George M. Fisk, of Ohio, to be second secretary of the embassy of the United States at Berlin; Huntington Wilson, of Illinois, to be second secretary of legation of the United States at Tokio, Japan. Postmasters—Frank E. Benjamin, Terre Haute, Ind.; Henry Curran, Stevens Point, Wis.

Cyclone Kills Several People.

Kansas City, Mo., April 23.—It is reported that several people have been killed in a cyclone at Newton, Kan.

The First National bank of Windom, Minn., has been authorized to begin business; capital, $50,000.

THE MARKETS.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

Chicago, April 26.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—April, opened and closed nominal; May, opened 74c, closed 73⅝c; July, opened 73¾, 73¾c; September, opened 70½c, closed 69⅝c. Corn—April, opened and closed nominal; May, opened 24¾c, closed 24¼c; July, opened 26c, 25⅝c; September, opened 27c, closed 26⅛c. Oats—April, opened and closed nominal; May, opened and closed 17½c; July, opened 15¼c, closed 15⅜c; September, opened 19¼c, closed 19c. Pork—May, opened $8.45, closed $8.50; JJulJyJ, JeJpJeJnedJ $8.45, closed $8.50; July, opened $8.57½, closed $8.62½. Lard—May, opened $4.17½, closed $4.15; July, opened $4.25, closed $4.25.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 16c per lb; extra dairy, 14@15c; fresh packing stock, 8½@9c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 8¼c per dozen. Live Poultry—Turkeys, 5@9c per lb; chickens, 7c; ducks, 9@10c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 19@25c per bu. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, 75c@$1.00 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 11@12½c per lb; imperfect, 7@9c. Apples—Common to fancy, $1.50@3.00 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, April 26.

Estimated receipts of hogs for the day, 30,000; market active on packing and shipping account; sales ranged at $3.00@4.10 for pigs, $3.90@4.15 for light, $3.60@3.75 for rough packing, $3.90@4.12½ for mixed, and $3.85@4.10 for heavy packing and shipping lots. Cattle—Receipts 14,000; prices unchanged. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts, 16,000; best Colorado lambs, 10c lower; tops, $5.50.

Milwaukee Grain.

Milwaukee, April 26.

Wheat—Unsettled; No. 2 spring, 75⅝c; No. 1 northern, 81c; May, 74½c. Corn—Firm and wanted; No. 3, 24⅝c. Oats—Lower; No. 2 white, 21@22c. Barley—Steady; No. 2, 33½c; samples, 29@32½c. Rye—Lower; No. 1, 37½c.

St. Louis Grain.

St. Louis, April 26.

Wheat—Lower; No. 2 red cash elevator 95c bid; track, $1.00; No. 2 hard cash, 78⅝c; May, 97½ asked; July, 74¼@74⅝c bid. Corn—Lower; No. 2 cash, 22½c; July, 23⅞c bid. Oats—Lower; No. 2 cash, 20c asked; July, 19¼c bid. Rye—Lower, 35c.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

ITEMS WHICH WILL BE OF INTEREST TO OUR READERS.

A Condensed Report of the Proceedings in the State Senate and House, Showing What the State Lawmakers Are Doing at Springfield.

Springfield, April 23.—The senate yesterday agreed to the house amendment to the judicial apportionment bill striking out the emergency clause. A resolution was adopted for an investigation of the state university and the home for juvenile female offenders. The Littler substitute for the revenue bill was tabled and the bill advanced to third reading.

In the house the committee on municipal corporations presented a report on the anti-department store bill. There was also a minority report. The bill went on the calendar. A resolution was adopted summoning to the bar of the house witnesses at Chicago, who had ignored a subpoena to testify before the committee investigating the treasury deficit. A long debate occurred on the Humphrey street railway bills, Bailey, an opponent, moving to take them up. The friends of the bills opposed the motion and it was defeated on a roll call—57 to 84.

Springfield, April 24.—In the senate yesterday bills were introduced to prevent foreign insurance companies from doing business in this state without a license; requiring the annual statements of insurance companies to be published in one newspaper at Chicago and one at Springfield. Bills were passed: Providing that cities having a population of not less than 1,000 nor over 50,000 may elect a board of education; providing for the licensing of architects. Adjourned to Monday.

In the house the Torrens land title bill was read a third time and made a special order on its passage for next Tuesday morning. Adjourned to Monday. Governor Tanner has signed the judicial apportionment bill. The emergency clause having been stricken out the act strictly speaking does not become a law until July 1, though it is proposed that the circuit judges to be elected on the first Monday in June shall be elected in the new circuits. They will be unable act until after July 1.

Springfield, April 27.—The senate convened at 5 o'clock last evening. No quorum was present, and after reading the journal the body adjourned till today. In the house the special committee appointed to inspect the executive mansion reported, recommending an appropriation of $30,000 for repairs. The house started reading house bills the first time, but the order was soon interrupted by numerous requests for unanimous consent to take up measures out of the regular order. Suttle's anti-department store bill, prohibiting a corporation engaging in the business of retailing merchandise, was ordered to second reading. Buckner's civil rights bill was advanced to third reading. Shannan's bill prohibiting continued and brutal bicycle racing was ordered to third reading.

COSTLY BLAZE AT PEORIA.

Iowa Elevator Burns, Entailing a Loss of Nearly $200,000.

Peoria, Ills., April 27.—A fire which started at 8:30 last night completely destroyed the Iowa elevator, the property of the Iowa Elevator company, entailing a loss of nearly $200,000. The elevator had a capacity of 400,000 bushels and was erected in 1888 at a cost of $110,000. It was insured for $75,000. About 100,000 bushels of grain, valued at $50,000 and fully insured, was destroyed. In addition about thirty box cars were burned. The origin of the fire is unknown. B. Warren, the secretary and general manager, announces that the elevator will be rebuilt immediately. This is the second disastrous elevator fire this year.

Will Test the Apportionment.

Springfield, Ills., April 26.—It is learned authoritatively that application will be made to the supreme court at Mount Vernon on the 4th of May for a writ of mandamus to compel Secretary of State Ross to receive certificates of nominations made in the old circuits and to certify such nominations to the county clerks of the counties composing the several circuits. This is for the purpose of testing the validity of the new judicial apportionment.

Elevator Men Win a Point.

Springfield, Ills., April 23.—The Chicago elevator men have succeeded in getting a favorable report to the senate from the warehouse committee on the bill giving the elevator men the right to deal in wheat. The Board of Trade men have several representatives here to fight the bill, and there will probably be warm times in the senate.

Earthquake at Cairo, Ills.

Cairo, April 26.—A severe earthquake was felt here at exactly 10 o'clock last night. It consisted of two distinct jars, moving from the west, and lasted about twenty seconds. The largest structures were shaken with a swaying motion, and people rushed in terror to the streets. No damage has been reported.

Illinois Grand Army Encampment.

Galesburg, Ills., April 27.—Arrangements for the Grand Army state encampment, which opens here on Wednesday, May 5, are completed, and the prospects are that the attendance will be the largest of any encampment yet held in Illinois.

State Notes.

John H. Raap, a wholesale liquor dealer of Chicago, was shot and killed by his former secretary and confidential clerk, B. W. Breunschweig, who afterward put the revolver to his own temple and killed himself. The murderer was a thief as well who had robbed his employer, and the crime was committed because he was about to be arrested.

Schaar, Koch & Co., private bankers at 2603 South Halstead street, Chicago, have failed. Assets and liabilites about $75,000 each.

The Chicago lake front case, on which hinges the possession of lands in the Chicago city limits valued at upwards of $15,000,000, is now being heard before Land Commissioner Herman at Washington.

Burglars Get Away with the Cash.

Richmond, Va., April 27.—Burglars blew open the safe in the postoffice at Lewisburg, W. Va., at an early hour yesterday morning, and secured between $600 and $700 in stamps and money.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, April 21.

New South Wales has spent $12,000,000 for harbors in forty years, exclusive of the cost of the port of Sydney, and will spend $1,500,000 for the same purpose this year.

Cairo's (Egypt) new Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, which will cover 13,000 square meters and cost $550,000, has been begun, the young khedive laying the corner stone.

Dr. Von Stephan's (the German postmaster general) death was due to his cutting a corn some time ago; he was obliged to have first the toe and then the leg amputated, but too late to save him.

Actress Annie Russell is suing her husband, Manager Eugene Wiley Presbry, for divorce.

The Uruguayan government has presented a heavy claim against Brazil for permitting the passage of rebels across the frontier.

The war flurry in the wheat markets at Chicago, New York and other American cities has passed over.

Rudolf Zeller, the Viennese operatta composer, has been found guilty of fraud and perjury and sentenced to one year's imprisonment at hard labor.

Thursday, April 22.

Guatemala's constitutional assembly has approved a bill authorizing the president to raise a loan of $2,000,000 to complete the Southern railway.

Five lives have been lost in the flooded lands of Lake county, Tenn. A skiff was upset, causing the drowning of Jose Gans and his entire family—wife, two sons and a daughter.

The famous hat-trimmings case, involving $25,000,000 in custom duties, has been decided in favor of the United States government.

The governments of Chile and Peru have agreed as to the manner of settling war claims. An arbitration commission will be appointed composed of one member from each republic and a third to be appointed by the Queen of Holland.

Ex-Chief of Police Badenoch, of Chicago, was found not guilty of the charges of false arrest and undue detention brought against him by Mrs. Ella Quinlan in connection with the famous H. H. Holmes case.

Friday, April 23.

Mrs. Joe Blandchard, wife of State Senator L. C. Blanchard, died in her home at Oskaloosa, Ia., last evening.

Two men have been hurt at boxing bouts this week—Frank Evans, a San Jose, Cal., lightweight— chin blow; concussion of the brain; dead. Billy Vernan, at Philadelphia; heart blow; dead.

Robert W. Hamer, a retired broker and wealthy, committed suicide in his home at Chicago by shooting himself through the heart. Despondent over illness.

Warrants have been issued at Chicago for the arrest of Peter A. Noreu, treasurer of the Independent Order of Vikings, No. 1. He is charged with being $1,800 short in his accounts.

Mayor Wheeler of Springfield, Ills., inaugurated his administration by closing all the gambling houses.

Saturday, April 24.

The physicians who have been examining Pietro Acciarito, the iron worker who tried to stab King Humbert, pronounce him to be insane.

The Turkish court at Erzeroum, Turkey, has acquitted the Kurds and Armenians charged with the murder of young Lenz, the American cyclist, while on his tour around the world awheel.

Israel Lure, aged 93 years, died at Berlin, Wis.

Joseph McCoy, colored, was lynched at Alexandria, Va., for assaulting his employer's two daughters.

Colonel Min Sang Ho, of the Corean army, accompanied by Dr. W. Eastlake, of Tokio, Japan, is at the Palmer House, Chicago.

Harry W. Cassin, cashier of the Georgia Loan, Savings and Banking company at Atlanta, has "misappropriated" some $45,000 of the funds of that institution. His friends have made up the loss.

The grand jury at Cincinnati indicted Dr. J. W. Prendergast and Dr. O. V. Limerick for soliciting a bribe from the Fraser Tablet company. Dr. Prendergast is the late health officer of Cincinnati.

Monday, April 26.

German emigration for the month of March has again diminished, being only 1,938 persons as compared with 3,120 persons during March, 1896.

William B. Somerville, superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph company's press service, died at New York Saturday.

In a radius of fifty miles around Jackson, Tenn., there are in cultivation 5,000 acres of strawberries. The outlook for a large yield is decidedly good.

The court house of Wyandot county, O., was sold at auction and purchased for $10 by John Lavely, a farmer. At the recent election the people voted in favor of a new court house.

Emperor Francis Joseph, with Archduke Otto and Count Goluchowski, the Austro-Hungarian foreign minister, has started for St. Petersburg.

Chauncey M. Depew celebrated his 62nd birthday Saturday, and in honor of the event a dinner was tendered him by the members of the Montauk club in Brooklyn.

Gottlieb Strum, of Jackson, Cal., committed suicide April 13 by jumping overboard from the steamer Weimar, on which he had taken passage from Bremen for New York.

Pure

Blood means sound health. With pure blood your stomach and digestive organs will be vigorous; no dyspepsia. Rheumatism and neuralgia will be unknown. Scrofula and salt rheum will disappear. Your nerves will be strong, your sleep sound, sweet and refreshing. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. That is why it cures so many complaints. That is why thousands take it to cure disease, retain health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. Small size, 2s. 9d.; large, 4s. 6d. Sold by all chemists, or by post of C. I. Hood & Co., 24, Snow Hill, London, E. C.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate, 1s. 1½d.

NOBLES' REVENGE.

HE GOT EVEN WITH THE AUTHOR OF THE SPECIAL DELIVERY STAMP.

The Actor's Letter of Congratulations to Postmaster General Vilas Withdrawn For Sufficient Reasons, Which Appear In This Story.

Milton Nobles, the actor and author, and Senator Vilas were schoolmates in Madison 35 years ago, and they went from the schoolhouse to the war together. Nobles thinks a good deal of his old schoolmate and is proud of the distinction he has won among the great men of his party.

When the special delivery stamp made its appearance, Senator Vilas, who was then postmaster general, received many complimentary letters, among them one from Nobles. The rest of the story is best told by the author himself:

"When I wrote this letter of congratulation to the general, I hadn't had occasion to use or receive any of the stamps, but the idea seemed to me to be a good one. I was spending a week at home in Brooklyn at the time. One bitter morning about 3 o'clock I was awakened by what seemed to me to be the ringing of all the fire bells in Brooklyn. Shoving my head out of the second story window, I could see a muffled figure on the steps below jerking the bell with savage fury. 'What is it?' I asked. At that moment the bell wire broke, and the figure fell backward down the steps. The snow was knee deep, and the wind was blowing 50 miles an hour. As the figure rolled down the steps I could hear some choice specimens of explosive English in a familiar accent, mingled with something about 'letter, special delivery.' After removing chains and bolts I opened the outer door, and the messenger blew into the vestibule in a sheet of snow.

"'What is it? What have you got?'

"'Letter.'

"'What the Helen Blazes are you bringing a letter here for at this time of night?'

"'Special delivery, sir, please.'

"I backed into the hall and slid my hand all over the wall, trying to find the matchsafe. The vestibule was full of snow, and I had commenced sneezing.

"'Come in and shut the door!' I yelled. Bang went the door and out went my match just as I had got the gas turned on. The messenger bumped up against me in the dark, stepped on my toes and shook a shovelful of snow off his shoulders about my feet, filling my slippers and dropping down my back. I finally succeeded in lighting the gas, signing the book, pushing the messenger out and bolting the door. Then I went up stairs with my prize. I examined the long blue stamp carefully. It was the first one that I had received. Then I devoted about five minutes to wondering what the dickens it was all about. After a time it occurred to me to open it and see. The handwriting was unknown, but the refrain was familiar. Here it is:

"SHEBOYGAN, Wis., Jan. 19.

"Milton Nobles, Esq.:

"DEAR SIR—You will doubtless be surprised at receiving this letter from an entire stranger. But I feel that I was born to be an actor.

"I am but 22, 5 feet 9, light curly hair, blue eyes and have played several parts with the Sheboygan Amateur society. I inclose notices. My family object to my going on the stage, but I feel that it is my duty, and as I would only join a first class company my friends urged me to write to you. Should like to play lovers' parts. I saw you play in Milwaukee last fall. Can come any time. I have also written a play. Could you lend me $20? Yours to command, I. ARTHUR JONES.

"(Stage name—E. Forrest Melnotte.)

"P. S.—The new special delivery stamp has just got here, and I put one on to see how it works. J. A. J.

"By the time I had finished reading this letter I had a chill. Three hours later I had such a cold that I could not open my eyes. I remained in my room for treatment for three days. On the fourth day I became convalescent, and the first labor I performed was the writing of the following letter:

"BROOKLYN, Jan. 26.

"Hon. W. F. Vilas, Postmaster General, Washington:

"DEAR SIR—Quite recently, in a moment of unguarded enthusiasm, I wrote you a letter congratulating you upon the brilliant stroke of genius made manifest in the promulgation of the special delivery stamp.

"Recent events have given me a wider knowledge of the subject and opened my eyes to the pernicious consequences likely to follow your gigantic blunder.

"I desire to withdraw my letter and enter a protest against your making any use of the same as an apparent indorsement of your new departure or with a view to your securing a situation in the future. This need not necessarily interfere with our friendship, but between friendship and business the line must be drawn somewhere, and I choose, for reasons conclusive to myself, to draw it at the 3 a. m. special delivery. Very truly yours,

"MILTON NOBLES.

"I cut the special delivery stamp from the Sheboygan letter and pasted it on the envelope, and, inclosing both in another letter, I sent them to a friend in Washington with a few lines of explanation and instruction. The next stormy night my friend, following instructions, hired a special messenger, and at 3 p. m. he began ringing Postmaster General Vilas' doorbell. First a servant came, then the general's secretary, but the messenger was firm; he must see the general. Thinking probably that war had been declared in Haiti and a midnight session of the cabinet called, the general slipped an ulster on over his nightshirt and went down to the door. The messenger shoved the letter into his hand and bolted on a double quick.

"The obnoxious stamp has not been called in, but I had my revenge on the postmaster general."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Obliging.

"Madam," said Meandering Mike, "hev ye got any cold coffee?"

"No," replied young Mrs. Torkins in a tone of sympathy, "but you wait a few minutes and I'll put some in the refrigerator and cool it for you."—Washington Star.

COURSING LIZARDS.

The Amusement of a Tame Eagle In the Arizona Desert.

In St. Nicholas Wolcott Le Clear Beard writes of "Moses, a Tame Eagle," which was one of his pets while he was engaged in engineering in southern Arizona. Mr. Beard says he was very fond of the lizards with which these plains abounded, and one large variety, called swifts, from their remarkable speed in running, seemed to be especially coveted.

Whenever one of these was caught, which was not often, Moses would be brought out, and, after the swift had taken a ten foot start, would be set free. The lizard would promptly resolve itself into a white streak across the desert, and, screaming with excitement, half running, half flying, Moses would pursue, followed by the laughing crowd, of which only those on horseback had much chance of keeping up. It was in no sense a cruel sport. It amused Moses and us and didn't hurt the swift, for he got away every time, and if the feelings of our pet were a trifle injured as he returned, perched on some one's wrist or saddle horn, from his fruitless hunt these were speedily soothed by the prompt gift of a nice bit of fresh beef, so no one was the worse. The lizards, however, he seemed to view as a sort of dessert, and as he could absorb an unlimited quantity they were always in demand.

A certain stick kept on the veranda of our office was generally under his eye, and when any one picked this up and started for a walk across the desert Moses would hop gravely along behind, sure that some of his favorite dainties would soon be forthcoming.

Of course Moses was perfectly well able to catch the smaller kinds of lizards for himself, but there was less exertion in allowing some one else to do it for him, and exertion at this period of his life was a thing to which Moses was violently opposed. These occasions were almost the only ones when he would be silent for any length of time, for he seemed to understand perfectly that at the first note of his voice every lizard within hearing would run for its life to the nearest refuge, and only when a blow of the stick failed for the second or third time to reach its mark would he give utterance to his deep disgust at such clumsiness.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Themes Which Men and Women Discourse About on Street Cars.

A certain physician of this city, who never neglects an opportunity to study the traits of the people among whom his business takes him, has been making some observations recently that may serve as a basis for estimating the character of the average modern American.

"I have to travel on street cars a good deal," the physician said in explaining his course of procedure, "and I hear all kinds of people talk. A short time ago I thought I would keep a record of the words most frequently used within my hearing by people of all classes.

"I omit names, profanity and vulgarity, but otherwise this list, which represents one week's street car conversation, is absolutely correct. Here, then, is a summary of what married men talk about:

"Dollars mentioned within my hearing, 407 times; business, 295; money, 206; dollar, 194; stocks, 163; bonds, 152; job, 81; son, 63; daughter, 11; wife, 4; literature, 0; music, 0; art, 0.

"Married women: She, 409; party, 326; dress, 324; splendid, 316; dollars, 201; trimming, 187; cards, 151; prize, 151; society, 130; baby, 129; clothes, 84; weather, 62; rich, 60; lovely, 59; perfectly awful, 46; doctor, 43; medicine, 34; music, 6; literature, 0; art, 0.

"Young men, unmarried: Corker, 502; daisy, 407; girl, 416; beaut, 391; fairy, 306; winner, 302; stunner, 284; hummer, 251; dance, 104; party, 87; old man, 83; fight, 79; money, 72; dollars, 50; no good, 42; cigarette, 31; college, 1; literature, 0; music, 0; art, 0.

"Young women, unmarried: Lovely, 509; just perfectly lovely, 491; horrid, 476; gorgeous, 463; fellow, 409; engaged, 387; dress, 371; stunning, 352; love, 295; party, 291; wear, 284; she, 206; opera, 108; ring, 31; mamma, 28; papa, 16; music, 9; mother, 1; picture, 1; poem, 1; art, 1.

"I intend," concluded the doctor, "to pursue this subject further, and may be able to give additional figures that will be interesting."—Cleveland Leader.

The Largest Book.

Professor Max Muller of Oxford, in a recent lecture, called attention to the largest book in the world, the wonderful Kuth Daw. It consists of 729 parts in the shape of white marble plates, covered with inscriptions, each plate built with a temple of brick. It is found near the old priest city of Mandalay, in Burma, and this temple city of more than 700 pagodas virtually makes up this monster book—the religious codex of the Buddhists. It is written in Pali. Rather strange to say, it is not an ancient production, but its preparation was prompted by the Buddhistic party of this century. It was erected in 1857 by the command of Mindomin, the second of the last kings of Burma.—Home Journal.

Real.

Little Bessie had been taken in to see her new baby brother for the first time.

"Do you think you will like him, Bessie?" asked her father.

"Why, yes," she said, clapping her hands delightedly. "There isn't any sawdust about him at all, is there? He's a real meat baby."—Pick Me Up.

Domestic Limitations.

"After all, boarding house life has its advantages."

"How so?"

"When a man gets tired of canned vegetables, he dare not say so to his wife."—Chicago Record

THE INCONSISTENT SEX.

"Dear baby spoke today!" she cried.
"He said 'Mamma' as plain as plain could be.
And it was sweet his dimpled smile to see
And sweet his gurgling baby laugh to hear.
Come quick! Perhaps he will again, The dear!
And, oh, I am so happy!

"Baby is growing big so fast.
And, oh,"—the sudden tears gushed to her eyes—
"He'll speak and walk and grow so big and wise.
And love another best and woo and wed
And have no longer need of me," she said.
"And I am so unhappy!"

—J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

A LESSON IN ECONOMICS.

A Young Woman Gives a Young Man Some Valuable Tips.

Again it is a Washington girl.

This time she appears as an angel of economy to a young man who needs that kind of angelic administration about as much as any other young man in the Capital City, and she is just as successful as if she were trampling him under her scornful heel and making him feel how utterly helpless man is in conflict with the irresistible.

"By Jove" he was saying, "this sort of thing is simply intolerable!"

"What sort of thing?" she inquired, with admirable poise.

"Why, I have just had to pay a messenger 40 cents to deliver a note up town for me, and he was gone less than half an hour. It would be cheaper to have hired a cab and horse and driver, and still cheaper to have sent it by mail under a special delivery stamp."

"What was the note?" she asked, womanlike, before she thought.

"A response to an invitation to dinner."

"Forty cents is cheap for a good dinner," she smiled.

"But I couldn't go," he wailed. "It was a declination, and the 40 cents on top of that. Really, though, this messenger service is a rank imposition and should not be tolerated. Twenty-five cents an hour is ample, with short distances at 10 or 15 cents. The convenience is easily worth that, but more than that is plain extortion and the greed of monopolies."

"You have my sympathy. You are the more entitled to it because you don't seem to know any better. Now, why aren't you as bright as a man I know, who hasn't any more money than you have? When he has a note or a book to send to a girl, he doesn't waste 40 cents on a grinding monopoly—oh, that's what it is," she laughed, as she noted his look of surprise, "we have a call in our house, and I am compelled to use it sometimes—but he does a much better thing. He just adds 10 cents to his 40, slips around to the florist's, orders 50 cents' worth of violets sent to the girl, puts the note in with the flowers, and there you are. See? Only 10 cents out, and think how much in—for girls do love flowers, even 50 cents' worth."

The young man began gasping for air.

"Or," she went right on, "if it is the season when flowers are more expensive than messenger service, just substitute candy for flowers. You can get something perfectly lovely for 60 cents, and to add a book or pleasant note to it makes it well worth the girl's kindest thought and your 20 cents extra. Now, is the plan clear to your stupid brain?"

Whether it was or not the young woman that very afternoon received a delightful note of thanks for valuable information, accompanied by a 50 cent bunch of violets from a well known florist.—Washington Star.

Precious Meals.

Almost any dish which had to recommend it rarity, costliness, indigestibility, and, to our way of thinking, nastiness, was sure to take with the Roman epicure. And if he were unable to make it costly any other way he would add powdered precious stones or gold dust. Nero dined on one occasion from a peacock which was sprinkled with diamond dust, and specimens of that bird dressed with gold or with crushed pearls were by no means a rarity at the triclinia of the moneyed Romans. A dish of parrots' tongues was a great delicacy. But a dish of parrots' tongues which had been capable, when in their proper place, of framing words, was of almost incalculable value, which increased in a direct ratio with the vocabularies of the defunct parrots.

Another bird for which the Roman epicure was in the habit of paying fabulous prices was the phenecoptrix, which is believed to have been the ptarmigan. It had its home in the most northerly parts of Scotland and Norway, and as this made it hard to get at the Romans appreciated it all the more and put it in the same rank with ostriches, buzzards and peacocks. The tongues of these birds were specially prepared, together with the brains, and took the place which a hors d'œuvre would now take.—New York Post.

Her Point of View.

They were discussing the construction of a new gown.

"From a hygienic point of view and merely as a matter of health," suggested the dressmaker, "I think it should be made"—

The haughty beauty stopped her by a gesture.

"Hygienic point of view!" she exclaimed. "Matter of health! What has that to do with it? When I want health, I will go to a doctor. When I want style, I come to you. We will now eliminate all absurdities and discuss this purely from a common sense standpoint. Will it be fashionable and becoming?"—Philadelphia Times.

"De man dat boasts ob his cha'ty," said Uncle Eben, "makes some folks criticise. But he ain' ez bad ez de man dat ain' got no scuse foh boastin, eben if he wanted ter."—Washington Star.

The man who has begun to live more seriously within begins to live more simply without.—Bishop Brooks

DIPLOMATIC AUCTIONS.

Bric-a-brac Bargains Eagerly Sought at the Shrine of the Red Flag.

There is a graceful custom among foreign diplomats at the capital that we may as well trench upon. I refer to the auction sale which frequently befalls on the occasion of the recall of one of our alien embassadors or ministers.

For two weeks before their excellencies decamp the local papers revel in a long and lurid "ad." recounting the recall of the embassador or minister and declaring how on a certain day all people so minded are invited to appear and contest at public vendue for a dazzling list of plunder in said "ad." set forth.

Prime among the properties for sale you will notice wines and many a thing besides that are as articles of commerce highly tariffed. But in these cases courtesy has held the tariff at bay. All of a legation's wines and cigars and furniture—in fact, everything of a personal sort that a legation causes to be brought to America—is passed scot free at our customs. One will readily discern that a ripe profit might be made to roll pleasantly up at one of these untariffed legation sales. Our own tradespeople must, however, pay the fiddler in each notable instance.

At these sales snobdom turns stoutly out. The bidding is hot and fast and high. There is nothing so lusted for by a certain sort of American, cringingly numerous hereabout, as a wine which has been justified by an embassador's taste, or a piece of furniture or bric-a-brac which has been soiled by noble and titled contact. And, therefore, these legation auctions furnish the most heated bid combats. And many a fool is fleeced.

It is also to be remarked that these sales string out in endless fashion, day following day, as fools flock to be bunkoed. The stock, whether of wine or furniture or cast off noble garments, never runs low. The widow's store of oil showed no better staying powers. As long as custom hangs about the chanters shout, the red flag floats and the stock of goods to be disposed of flows by with current unabated.

For, mark you, rather than disappoint or send any full hearted alien chaser away from this sale with aching heart and empty hands the auctioneer each night moves in a new stock to replace the disappearances of the day before. Each morning the legation rooms are as unstripped, the cabinets as full of bric-a-brac, the bins as replete with rare old wines as at the beginning.

Thus it runs forward until no more sheep appear to be shorn and even the toadies have enough. Then the flag comes down and the legation sale is at an end.—New York Journal.

LAFAYETTE'S FAMOUS VISIT.

There Was Great Excitement Over His Trip to the United States.

Jean Fraley Hallowell, who writes in The Ladies' Home Journal of "When Lafayette Rode Into Philadelphia," says that "it is difficult to understand at this late day what a furore of excitement passed over this country when Lafayette arrived once more in America. The visit is a historic event to be remembered while memory endures. During President Monroe's second administration the United States extended its invitation to Lafayette. He arrived at Staten Island on Aug. 15 (Sunday), 1824, accompanied by his son, George Washington Lafayette, and also by his son-in-law. A formal reception took place on the following day, the first fruits of the most abundant harvest of welcome which Lafayette was to receive during his year of travel through the United States.

"Lafayette was 67 years old when he visited America as the nation's guest and carried his years lightly. His head was shaped like that of Burns. He had a high forehead, long, squiline nose and a rather thin face. His hair was sandy and quite plentiful. His eyes were dark gray, restless and twinkling, his eyebrows light in color, but heavily marked. His mouth was firm, and his lips smiled courteously at the holiday crowd assembled to do him honor. The general was not very tall, but well made. His face was distinctly pleasant, and its expression was an odd mixture of shrewdness, decision and gay good humor. His costume was a swallow-tailed coat and trousers of dark brown, with a great display of white waistcoat and neckcloth. A bunch of seals hung from a broad black ribbon at his waist. Over his shoulders hung a cloth riding cloak, greenish blue in color and lined with red."

Oliver Optic's Will.

There were no public bequests in the will of William T. Adams (Oliver Optic). It was very brief and was written in the author's own hand, under date of April 21, 1885. "As a simple token of my high esteem and regard, to my sons-in-law, Sol Smith Russell and George W. White, I give $1,000 each." All the remainder of his estate, including his copyrights and other literary property, he bequeaths to his daughter, Mrs. Alice Adams Russell, the wife of Sol Smith Russell.

Up to Date.

Johnson—Man alive, you've only been wasting your talents. The play is execrable, the worst I ever saw. How could you write such rubbish? There's not an idea in it.

Bronson—That's all right. What do you want me to do—revolutionize the modern drama?—Brooklyn Eagle.

Daniel Lambert, the most noted example of obesity recorded in medical annals, was born in 1770 and died at the age of 40 of excessive fat. His weight was 739 pounds.

As early as the time of Alexander II of Scotland a man who let weeds go to seed on a farm was declared to be the king's enemy.

One pound of learning requires ten pounds of common sense to apply it.—Russian Proverb

BLAINE'S MEMORY.

NEVER FORGOT A FACE OR THE NAME OF AN ACQUAINTANCE.

The Wedding Notice He Wrote When an Editor—Some Striking Incidents That Were Related by Ex-Governor Cumback of Indiana.

Upon taking editorial charge of the Kennebec Journal Mr. Blaine soon familiarized himself with Maine politics by studying the files of The Journal, and he studied them closely as far back as 1825. By this means he soon became the best posted man in the state on Maine politics, and he was looked upon as authority. His able editorials during the campaign bringing up political matters of the past showed careful research, and they were copied widely. It was while editor of The Journal that he was one day stopped on the street by an old lady whom he had never seen before and asked to write up the wedding of her daughter, which occurred the night before.

Blaine had served his time in congress and went to Maine to speak during his campaign, when at the close of his speech he began shaking hands with the masses crowded around him. An old lady with wrinkled brow and whitened hair, bearing a babe in her arms, approached and offered her hand.

"Why, how do you do?" said Mr. Blaine. "Where's that daughter of yours I wrote up that wedding notice about?"

"Poor Lucy is dead," said the old lady, and her eyes filled with tears. "This is her child."

The man with the big, kind heart reached over and kissed the little blue eyed girl.

During the Greeley campaign in 1872 ex-Governor Cumback of Indiana spoke with Mr. Blaine in Springfield, O. This was early in the campaign. Just before the election Mr. Cumback was sent up in Blaine's state to make a speech. He was told by the committee that he would find Maine people very stiff and inhospitable and quite different from the western people. Mr. Cumback was surprised, however, at his enthusiastic reception, there being large crowds everywhere, and he never had a more enthusiastic meeting than at Augusta. He told Blaine of the incident and his agreeable disappointment.

"Oh," said the statesman, "they had a man of unusual stuff to get them stirred up! Such a man on a speech as you are would have a good reputation anywhere."

"But what do you know about my speech?" asked the governor.

"Didn't you speak with me over at Springfield?" said Blaine in a way as a reminder. Then he went ahead and told Mr. Cumback all about his speech, of the crowd present and gave promptly all the main points of the speech and even named the party with them. He also remembered at what hotel they put up and what day of the week it was.

Another instance of Blaine's great memory is cited in the following story, as told by Mr. Cumback:

During the Garfield campaign Mr. Blaine spoke in Cumback's town. He was entertained by Mr. Cumback and driven over town.

"There's a sick man in that house there that has been talking you up for president for four or five years," said the governor, "and he thinks there is no one like Jim Blaine."

"Me for president?" said Blaine.

"Yes, you for president. Do you want to stop and go in to see him a minute? Nothing would please him better."

They went in and remained a few minutes. Blaine trotted the children on his lap and talked freely with the sick man, whose name was David Kerr.

Blaine and the governor met at Garfield's inauguration.

"How are you, Will?" asked Blaine. And he asked all about the men he had met in Cumback's town several months before and called nearly all of them by their first names. "Oh, yes," he said, "how is Dave Kerr? Did he ever get well? Poor fellow, he suffered terribly. And those little children, how about them?"

This may be considered a wonderful feat of memory. It was in October when he met these people, and it was on the 4th of March, nearly five months afterward, that he recalled his visit, remembering the name of every person he was introduced to on that day. He had seen a million people since that time and had shaken hands with and met thousands.

Mr. Cumback accompanied Mr. Blaine on his speaking tour through Indiana during his campaign in 1884. It was just ten days before election. Cumback left him at Lafayette, saying that he wouldn't see him again until the inauguration.

"I don't know," said Blaine doubtfully. "I'm afraid it won't be."

He had an unusual, vacant, faraway look in his eyes, and he was very serious. His words came slowly and hesitatingly. Mr. Cumback assured him that there was no doubt, but Blaine shook his head.

"I don't know," said he. "I've had a sort of feeling for the last week that I wouldn't be elected. I hope I will, but the outcome is doubtful, and I feel now as if it were very doubtful. But if I am defeated I will go to work the next day on my book."

And he did. He began the second volume of his "Twenty Years of Congress" the next day after the election.—Chicago Times-Herald.

He Laid.

"Don't waste your time in clipping off the branches," said the woodman to his son, "but lay your ax at the root of the tree." And the young man went out and laid his ax at the foot of the tree, like a good and dutiful boy, and then he went fishing. Truly there is nothing so beautiful as filial obedience.—Strand Magazine.

FIGHT FOR A BIRDHOUSE.

Flycatchers Driven Out by Bluebirds, Wrens the Final Victors.

"One spring," said a lover of birds, "there came to a birdhouse in my garden a pair of great crested flycatchers. I had a dozen birdhouses scattered around. This particular one was about a foot square, with a peaked roof and a chimney at each end, a doorway for the birds to go in and out and a couple of auger holes bored through the back to give the house light and air.

"This birdhouse, the summer before, had been occupied by a pair of bluebirds, who had left their nest behind them. This nest the great crested flycatchers pulled apart and threw out of the house, every twig and straw. They cleaned the house out completely and then they brought in everything new and built a nest of their own and settled down comfortably for the summer.

"But in a few days a pair of bluebirds came along, and they made for this house. It might have been the same identical pair of bluebirds that occupied it the summer before. I don't know about that, though I have no doubt that robins and other birds that have been south for the winter, hundreds of miles away, do come back in the spring to the same places and to the same trees. Anyhow this pair of bluebirds wanted that birdhouse, and they were ready to fight for it, and that is what they did. The flycatcher is a nice little bird and a pretty plucky sort of a fighter, but not a match for the bluebird. They had a grand round up inside the house, and finally the bluebirds pitched the flycatchers out, and later they pitched out every stick of furniture that the flycatchers had brought in, cleaned the house out entirely and then brought in fresh material and built a new nest according to their own ideas, and they settled down for the summer.

"Well, a few days after that a pair of wrens came along, and they took a fancy to that particular birdhouse, too, and they sailed right in and tackled the bluebirds on the spot. You couldn't see the fight from the ground, but every now and then you could see a straw or a feather shoot out of the front door of the house. The bluebird is a good, sound fighter, but the wren is a better one, and the upshot was that the wrens fairly put the bluebirds out and took possession of the birdhouse themselves. And then the wrens did just what the others had done. They pitched out every scrap of stuff in the birdhouse—just tumbled it out of the door, to fall on the ground—and then they brought in new stuff and built a nest for themselves.

"Nobody molested the wrens. They staid there and raised their young there, and in the fall they all went away and left the birdhouse again deserted for the winter."—New York

LADIES WHO STOLE.

Strange Tales Are Told of Our Ancestors of Washington's Time.

We naturally have a very exalted opinion of the aristocracy of our country and can scarcely be convinced that the ladies of society in the early days of independence conducted themselves in any but the most dignified manner. Indeed some of their descendants would feel highly elated to know that they in any wise resemble their supposed courtly ancestors. It is to be hoped that they are not kin to the personages referred to in the following complaint:

One of our early statesmen actually complains that "between tippee beaux and fashionable belles an honest fellow will stand a good chance of being fleeced by the politest tissue of mistakes conceivable. The gentleman will help himself very casually to your hat if it is better than his, take up your umbrella with the most absent air imaginable, bear off your loose coat without once perceiving his mistake and pick up your gloves, 'they so much resemble his.'"

And now for the ladies' part in this proceeding:

"The lady will borrow your penknife, very accidentally put your pocket handkerchief into her muff or playfully take your ring from your finger or breastpin from your bosom, all as innocently as though it was the very thing you called upon her for, so that between ladies and gentlemen you will stand a good chance of being turned out, stripped of all your possessions, according to the newest rules of etiquette."—Philadelphia Press.

Kipling's Famous Poem.

It is the sentiment, says Arlo Bates in The Atlantic, and not the object, which arouses sympathy and kindles the imagination. No mistake could be more complete than to suppose that in this poem is to be found any argument in favor of the use of machinery as material for poetry. In "McAndrew's Hymn" it is the character of the stanch old engineer and his feelings by which the reader is moved. The wonders of the great engine are a hindrance, and not a help, if they are looked at in any way other than through the eyes of McAndrew. The piece succeeds or fails to the degree in which it makes his emotion real and contagious to the reader, and that, too, as emotion pure and simple, quite without regard to what has excited it. In so far as the attention is caught by tailrod, crank throws, feeding pump and "purrin dynamos"—finely suggestive as is the epithet in this last—the emotional effect is weakened at the expense of the intellectual.

Hot Milk as Nutriment.

If any one doubts the nourishing properties of milk, let a test be made of the following preparation of it: When very weary or weak from exhaustion, heat some milk to the scalding point, until a thin skin begins to wrinkle upon the surface, and then drink it as hot as possible. It refreshes almost instantly and restores the exhausted vitality to a surprising extent as soon as it is taken. It is more nutritious than any of the beef teas made from meat extracts or that made from fresh beef.

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JOHN F. FINERTY,

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CHICAGO, MAY 1, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Mr. John Drew.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—James A. Herne in "Shore Acres."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Margaret Mather.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Digby Bell in "The Hoosier Doctor."

CLIFFORD'S GAIETY THEATRE.
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—Vaudeville.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Vaudeville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate a common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE TRAITORS' TREATY UP FOR FINAL ACTION.

THE CITIZEN notices that the 5th of May has been fixed upon by the United States Senate as the date on which a final vote on the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty, commonly known as the Traitors' Treaty, will be taken. We sincerely hope that the patriotic among the senators will fight the vicious measure to the last, and, finally, kick it out of doors, never to return. It cannot, we think, be possible that, in view of Great Britain's disgraceful conduct toward the Greeks and her menacing attitude toward the Boers, American statesman of any respectable calibre can be influenced into voting for a virtual alliance with so thoroughly detestable and discredited a government. We know, of course, that English influence has been eating like a cancer into the tissue of public sentiment in this country for many years. We have no means of knowing accurately how far the deadly malady has taken root in the system of the patient, but we do know that it is an acute case and may need heroic treatment. We are aware that devil worship prevails in some countries of the old world—perhaps also in some of the new—and we consider that the worship of England by a certain class of Americans is a species of devil worship. The English know the weakness of our snobs, and are clever enough to take advantage of it. Whatever lame justification for the introduction of the Treaty may have existed several months ago, none whatever remains today. England has shown herself an enemy to humane government and a power incapable of arbitrating with weak governments. Some of her newspapers have come brazenly out in advocacy of pirate methods for the extension of the Empire, as is testified by the following extract from Once A Week, published in London:

"By all means let us fight and win the Transvaal. We are going to fight for gold mines and territory, if they cannot be got without fighting. Every nation has to play the pirate at times, and let us play boldly when we do, and trust to Mr. Chamberlain to see that flags of truce are kept out of the soldiers' baggage. Thrice the Boers have seen the flag of England hoisted on a stick, and always white. It is time to prove we have a colored flag."

Nothing more utterly base and blackguardly than the foregoing has appeared in English print since Morgan, the British buccaneer, harried the West Indies and spread terror along the Spanish main. Yet, we have no doubt, Once A Week has increased its subscription list by coming out so frankly and boldly in accordance with prevailing British sentiment. The English, instead of feeling ashamed of their old robberies, are publicly thirsting for the commission of new ones. And we are asked to ally ourselves, under pretext of arbitration, with this villainous power!

The Irish World's able contributor, "W. M. C." in last Saturday's issue of that paper has this, among other things, to say in condemnation of the contemplated treaty:

"It is possible that Mr. Cleveland did not know what he was doing or foresee the consequences of his acts, when he negotiated this treaty and recommended it for ratification. He may have been moved by the single thought that he was repaying England for the money and support that she gave him in his three campaigns. It is a very simple way to discharge a personal obligation—to turn the debt over to be paid by the American people! But President McKinley has no excuse. This treaty is none of his, and he need take no responsibility for its fate. He knows full well by this time that its ratification will be no step in the direction of universal peace, for he has seen British ministers refuse to arbitrate their differences with President Kruger. He cannot be so purblind as not to perceive that the arguments in favor of the treaty are shams and falsehoods. And if he persists in urging ratification, with the certainty that England intends to suppress republican institutions in South Africa, he is not loyal to the Constitution of the United States and to all that it stands for. This South African war is the touchstone of American statesmanship. By their action in relation to it shall our leading politicians be judged. There is a suspicion that in the Eastern States there is a growing party in favor of monarchy. There is an avowed worship of foreign ways and foreign titles and the holders of them. There is a Mugwump party, whose mission is to Anglicize America, and it has its ramifications in the pulpit, in the press, in the colleges, in the banks, and in the important section of our merchants. Many of its brightest lights are themselves importations. These folk call themselves our 'best people,' with an effrontery that is astounding. They try to make it appear that their opinions are all that there is of American public opinion. They count on the indifference and apathy of the great body of the American people; and they do not hesitate to bulldoze the senators and members of the Administration whenever they can promote England's objects thereby."

The foregoing picture is, certainly, not overdrawn. We have heard many Americans, so-called, publicly express their preference for European methods of government—particularly English methods—on their return from abroad. They sneer at the simplicity of our law courts, where judges do not wear fools' wigs or old women's gowns, and speak with contempt of that palladium of American liberty, manhood suffrage. But, should the nation ever become thoroughly aroused to the danger that menaces it, these gentry will be dealt with in a fashion that will not be conducive to their personal dignity or business prosperity. Some day, they may be asked by their indignant country to take up their residence permanently in the foreign country they prefer to this.

DISGRACEFUL FLUNKEYS.

The flunkey, "loyal" (to England) Irishman is a detestable creature, whether he is found in Ireland, Great Britain, the British colonies or the United States—in fact wherever he is found. We met such creatures occasionally during our youth in Ireland and we always regarded them with abhorrence and disgust. From the Englishman, or the English official in Ireland—the latter too often of native birth—nothing better than this so-called loyalty is to be expected. The men are paid for being "loyal," at so much per month, or per diem; but when men—Irishmen—not in the government pay—voluntarily proclaim themselves devoted to the sovereign and the government that were ruining their country, the spectacle becomes intolerable. There are several species of the 'loyal Irish flunkey. One is the fashionable flunkey and his family. His weakness is Castle—Dublin castle—balls, receptions and dinners. He likes to see his name in the papers, even distantly associated with the English aristocracy. As a rule this kind of person is an amusing, and innocuous, social idiot, who has not an idea outside of fuss and fashion.

There is a far more dangerous Irish flunkey than the foregoing—the person who besmears the British empire with praise, and claims Irelan'ds "share" in its "glory." We find in the Irish Weekly Independent, of April 17, a report of a gathering of alleged Irishmen at Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony, whereat an Irish born mayor presided, and other Irishmen desecrated St. Patrick's Day by praising the miserly old Queen of England and the rotten British empire. The Irish national press is quite severe on the rascals who made such a grotesque exhibition of themselves, but not severe enough. One J. W. Atkinson said, among other things, that "the day was long passed when the capacity to hate England was regarded as the standard of Irish patriotism." Whereat, we are informed, there was applause. When he proceeded still further with his harangue and said that Ireland had "a stake" in the British empire and that her "best blood" was shed to extend its power, there was still more applause from the listening flunkeys. Ireland, so far as we have knowledge of her history, has been impaled on the "stake" of the British empire for seven centuries and more; and her "best blood" has been shed in fighting against that empire, not in sustaining it. It is abominable falsehood and villainy on the part of this man Atkinson, and others of his ilk, to so misrepresent Irish sentiment anywhere. Ireland has fallen from her once high estate, as a nation, but she has not fallen so low yet as to claim any share in the spoils of the "predominant" robber, or to take pride in those of her children who "for hireling traitors' wages" left her shores to cut the throats of England's righteous enemies. Down with the dirt eaters!

THE GRECIAN DISASTERS.

The Greeks, brave and devoted as they are, and with a superb martial history behind them, have discovered, unfortunately rather late in the day, that the contract they undertook of demolishing the atrocious Turkish empire is far beyond their means. In the conflicts that have occurred the soldiers, for the most part, showed manly courage, but they were very poorly handled, and soon lost confidence in their officers, quite a natural result. The flight from Larissa was a most un-Grecian incident, not at all in harmony with the grand traditions of the Hellenic people. But, then, all nations have had their panics, although few on so large a scale. Bad generalship was mostly to blame for the disaster, which cost Greece her military reputation and the accumulated warlike stores of nearly twenty years. It would seem that the etat major, or general staff, of the Greek army was sadly at fault, had no maps of the Thessalian territory, where most of the fighting was done, and was generally at sea. We don't think it possible to restore the morale of the men under the circumstances. In Epirus, as well as in Thessaly, the Greek campaign has been a dismal failure, and the ruthless Turks seem to be victorious at all points, and are marching in the direction of Athens in swarming battalions. We fear the Greeks will have to rely on European intervention to escape political annihilation. Nothing but a military miracle, performed by some new Miltiades, can save them from humiliation. And for this THE CITIZEN is deeply sorry.

THE TRUE INWARDNESS OF THE CRETAN TROUBLE.

The attitude of the European powers on the Cretan question has been a profound puzzle to all Americans. Why half a dozen great and, professedly at least, Christian nations, should combine to protect the barbaric government of a murderous ruler against the just indignation of his Christian subjects, is the great conundrum of the days we live in. American ingenuity cannot solve it, for, most fortunately, Americans are not afflicted with an entangling foreign policy, and, consequently, their minds are not trained in the tortuousness of European diplomatic methods. This innocence on their part has, no doubt, its disadvantages, because American statesmen—at least modern American statesmen—are nowhere, as regards the tricks of statecraft beside their European rivals. This is why it was so comparatively easy for England to spring the Arbitration Treaty upon us, because we had a thickhead in the presidential chair, and a tyro in the office of secretary of state. Indeed, even President McKinley has been bamboozled into supporting the obnoxious measure, which, however, threatens to "die a-borning" in the senate. No matter what form that treaty might assume, or however innocuous it might be made to appear to us, England would be sure to use it in Europe for her own advantage. The Continental nations would not inquire too nicely into its provisions, and, as a result, Europe, outside of undesirable England, would be our enemy.

But we were dealing with the attitude of the great Christian(?) powers toward Greece and Crete. We find the best explanation of it we have come across in an editorial published in Reynolds' Newspaper (London) recently, under the heading of "The Cretan Situation." The English writer says:

In the foremost place the powers are really thinking of what they will respectively get in the scramble for the remains of the decaying Turkish Empire and how the new distribution of territory will affect them. That Russia will get what is called Anatolia is certain. That she will get Constantinople and the adjacent country is highly probable, and Europe is considering how such a vital fact may affect all her varied interests. That France would get Syria, where she has such large interests, is equally certain. Thus France and Russia would immediately become the chief powers of the Mediterranean. Italy would be at their mercy, and the English Mediterranean power would become a thing of the past. England and Italy have to think of this fact. In spite of the popular enthusiasm for Greece, it is doubtful whether the government has any love for Greece at all or any desire to see her extension. Greece is a nation of sailors and would soon develop a big mercantile marine if her borders were extended, which would take away some of the trade of England, France and Austria in the Levant. We, therefore, believe, while not in the least approving it, that the government is by no means friendly to Greek extension. These ideas may be regarded as mercenary, and we regard them so ourselves; but we are merely hinting at factors which are undoubtedly operating at the present moment.

We see that so many powers, Russia, France, Greece, Austria, indeed, England herself (for she wants Egypt without any Turkish suzerainty), are interested in the partition of the Turkish Empire, that the conflicting claims and rival interests may well give pause before the powers of Europe give the word for the destruction of the Turkish power. Russia has most to gain, and it is evidently Russia's interest to play a waiting game. What we are, we think, entitled to infer from the facts of the situation is that, the other powers, dreading what may come, have acquiesced in the Russian policy—that is, that Russia is still, as she is likely to continue, the controlling power of Europe. Had English policy in the past been less selfish and more far-sighted, this state of things perhaps would not have come about. But there it is, and we must suppose that Lord Salisbury is simply the victim of past mistakes. It is evidently to the interest of all the powers to keep well in with Russia. France is formally allied to her, and must go with her. Germany is afraid of the Franco-Russian alliance, and is trying her utmost to renew the old friendship with Russia. Austria has been compelled to bow to superior Russian diplomacy on pain of being shut out of the European arrangements and so smashed in the pending reconstruction. Italy fears, as she has good reason, the coming Franco-Russian power in the Mediterranean, and so she makes terms. *England, then, stands alone without any friend in Europe*, and Lord Salisbury, rightly or wrongly, thinks that it would be perilous to stand in an attitude of hostility to the united European powers, especially in view of the risky condition of things in certain parts of Africa and Asia. Such is, we believe, the real state of things, and under these circumstances it is easier to denounce Lord Salisbury's policy than to suggest any practical alternative.

We should like to see England, France and Italy withdraw from the concert, and say they would not coerce Greece. But they will not do so, and therefore what is the alternative? If England withdrew by herself, she would do no good to the Greeks, and would debar herself from having any voice whatever in the settlement of the Turkish Empire. If she were to actively aid the Greeks in the existing war, she would instantly be brought face to face with the hostile powers of Europe united against her, and we must frankly say that she could not meet those powers. The recent extensions of the British Empire have made her more vulnerable, more weak, and not more strong, as the stupid Jingo supposes. Our condition, with a great coalition against us, would be most perilous *unless the United States came to our aid*, which is not probable. Therefore, when we look all these facts straight in the face, we are compelled to hold that Lord Salisbury should keep in with Europe, but should use all his influence to induce France and Italy to join England in making the best terms possible for Greece and Crete. And let some of our Liberal newspapers keep a little more quiet, and refrain from indulging in warlike leading articles. They will best serve the cause of Greece in that way. It will be fatal folly to raise false hopes in the Cretans, as was done last year in the case of the Armenians, and thus make ourselves a name for helplessness and perfidy over the world.

We call particular attention to the two significant expressions, "England, then, stands alone, without any friend in Europe," and "unless the United States came to our aid." It is well known that England and France are approaching each other's frontiers in Africa even more rapidly than Russia is approaching the Afghan danger line in Asia. The French fleet has become a really formidable power and that of the Russians is not far behind it. England needs an ally, oh so badly! And she sought to draw our soft heads into an alliance with her! This precious scheme has been baffled up to date by a few earnest men in the United States. As time rolls on, the Salisbury-Olney plot becomes clearer, and every American statesman, who is not wilfully blind, begins to realize the narrow escape this country has had from a dangerous foreign complication. England is at variance with every other European power and she wants to get us into the same condition. Our fresh "patriotic" philanthropists ought to study up European diplomacy before they seek to ingulf this county in a diplomatic quicksand.

THE DEVLIN COAL COMPANY.

We desire to call particular attention to the advertisement of the Devlin Coal Company, which appears on our eighth page. The readers of THE CHICAGO CITIZEN have now an opportunity of dealing with the leading coal firm of the great West, and none better deserves their custom. Its president, the Hon. Charles J. Devlin, ex-Mayor of Spring Valley, Ill., is one of the foremost business men of the United States, an Irish-American of strong patriotic proclivities, an American citizen of the most devoted loyalty, a consistent Catholic, without bigotry or ostentation, and a fearless, indefatigable friend of the cause of labor. He believes in practically sustaining a paper that represents his ideas on American and Irish questions and, therefore, the advertisement of the Devlin Coal Company appears in THE CHICAGO CITIZEN. Our readers will please take notice of these facts. Now is the time to negotiate for your coal supply.

CIVIL SERVICE CRISIS.

The Mayor, on Wednesday, asked for and received the resignations of the following heads of city departments:

John P. Barrett, city electrician.

John C. W. Rhode, superintendent street cleaning.

Lewis B. Jackson, city engineer.

Robert J. McDonald, superintendent of streets.

John C. Craig, superintendent water office.

O. L. Wulwebber, superintendent map department.

The matter of filling the vacancies has not yet been determined, and it is understood that when they are filled, the crisis of the contest between Mayor Harrison and the majority of the Civil Service commissioners will have arrived. In this fight it seems to us that the mayor and Corporation Counsel Thornton are entirely in the right.

THE Hon. Matthew P. Brady has been appointed first assistant by the Hon. Miles J. Devine, city attorney. Mr. Brady is a very able lawyer, and should have had a place on the bench long ago, but for the ingratitude and treachery of certain small-bore machine politicians. A good time is coming, however.

MR. JAMES A. QUINN has received the appointment of Democratic member of the County Civil Service Commission.

AT a meeting of the County Kildare Archæological society, held recently at Naas, a hat worn by Daniel O'Connell was exhibited. O'Connell's name, in his own handwriting, was written on the inside of the hat, which was made by Christy, the famous London hatter, and was of very large dimensions—the width inside being 8½ inches and its longest diameter 10 inches. The chairman of the meeting put on the hat, which entirely covered his head and went down to his chin. The preservation of the hats of famous men is not unusual. Thus, the hat worn by Bradshaw, the president of the high court of justice, for the trial of Charles I., is still kept in the Ashmoleum Museum at Oxford. Last autumn an action was brought in the United States, by the representatives of the Greeley family, to recover possession from the trustees of the museum of the Lincoln relics of the hat worn by President Lincoln on the night of his assassination in Ford's theatre in Washington.

THE '98 CENTENARY.

The Irish national papers are speaking out manfully in regard to the celebration of the centenary of '98. We should imagine, from the tone of the Irish press, that agitation has "scotched not killed" the "rebel" drop in the Irish blood, and that the young generation of our race in Ireland is by no means disgusted with the prospect of a recurrence to "physical force"—given the proper opportunity. Ireland is not beaten yet. She is simply resting to recover breath for fresh effort. Emigration has, most fortunately, diminished, and we hope it will so continue, until the old land gets back a goodly portion of that majestic strength of numbers which distinguished her in O'Connell's time. United Ireland, of April 10, dealing with the centenary celebration, says:

"The preparations being made all over the country for the purpose of making the commemoration of the centenary of the '98 movement a huge success are, we are glad to observe, gradually assuming that character of universality without which the project would be a farce and a reproach. It is no exaggeration to say that that period in our history was from many points of view the most remarkable. No other year in our records has burned itself so vividly into the national heart. No exploits that we can recall of any other epoch, were destined to influence the mind and heart of the nation to the same extent as the deeds for all time will make '98 memorable. It was a year of cruellest wrong and darkest woe to Ireland, at the same time that it was marked by deeds of high emprise that attested, in the way that England never wished it to be attested, the great military prowess of the people, their unconquerable desire to be free from tyranny, their valor, that made them face—half-armed, undisciplined and almost wholly unprovisioned—a foe that even then was the best equipped and experienced in Europe, and their heroism that made them fight on even to the finish when death and doom seemed inevitable.

"We look with pride on the men of '98, who rose in dark and evil days to right our native land. They did not, it is true, hunt the tyrant from our shores. All but that they succeeded in accomplishing. They saturated the soil of every parish in Wexford with the blood of the mercenary fiends whose congenial task was a hell-inspired combination of atrocities in which house-burning, violation of women, ruthless murder of children, the gibbet at every cross-roads, the pitchcap and triangle in every camp and tower were not the worst elements. On the soldiery that rollicked in such pastimes the men of '98 had full vengeance. Inspired by the justice of their great cause they drove terror into the hearts of troops that played at war's rude art from the cradle. Half-armed they drove them before them like chaff before the wind. Vinegar Hill, Oulart Hill, Ross and Gorey are names that live in history to tell this to generations of Irishmen yet to come. Surely with this recollection in our minds we have no need to blush for '98. The thought of it must embitter our hate for England. Her minions in the counties Wexford, Wicklow and Carlow at the time, surpassed even their own traditional cruelty in their zeal to quench the insurrection. Cromwell, the foul slayer of the defenseless at Drogheda, was gentle compared to them. The spawns of "Abdul the damned" in Armenia are but the Yeomen up to date, time and place being different. While a memory such as this lasts, and it can never lessen while England denies us our rights, the hate it inspires must stimulate us as much to action in Ireland's behalf as we are nerved for the same purpose by the memory of the bravery of our ancestors. But let us all remember that it was not the fear of England that helped to extinguish this conflagration in Wexford and adjoining counties. It is notorious that then, as at every other time of our history, divisions among the people were more potent to effect England's purpose than all the force and all the inhuman cruelty which her hirelings used against the country. But we should try—now that we are laudably endeavoring to celebrate these great events in our history—to keep before our mind that there is a chapter in the history of '98 that should burn into our hearts the bitter lesson that disunion is our National curse."

A GREAT IRISH FAIR.

The Irish ladies of New York city are organizing for the purpose of erecting a building in that city for the accommodation of the military organization known as the Irish volunteers; also for the convenience of Irish national, social and literary societies, and the training of Irish immigrant girls. A great fair in aid of this object will be held in New York, beginning on May 10, and lasting until the latter part of June. Mr. S. P. Reynolds, No. 367 Winchester avenue, Chicago, has received a letter from Mrs. Margaret D. Walker, 459 Seventh avenue, New York, calling attention to the coming event, and requesting aid from friends in Chicago, in the way of contributions to the County Kildare table at the fair. All the counties of Ireland will be represented, and Mrs. Walker wants brave old Kildare to make as good a showing as the rest. The ladies would much appreciate contributions in merchandise, souvenirs of historic value or anything that would add to the interest of the occasion. Such donations can be sent to Mrs. Margaret D. Walker, at the address before given in New York, or to Mr. S. P. Reynolds, of this city. Contributions in money can be remitted to Mrs. Margaret Loughnan, 202 East Twenty-eighth street, New York.

PARIS YOUNG IRELAND SOCIETY.

The Paris branch of the Young Ireland Society held its thirteenth meeting on April 9. Among those present were Miss Maud Gonne, Mrs. Lynch, Miss Powell, Mr. C. Healy, Mr. E. Belor Mendon, Mr. F. McKenna, Count d'Alton O'Shee, Miss M. Barry Delany, Monsieur Millevoye, editor of the Patrie, and Madamoiselle de Sainte-Croix. Letters were read from Mr. Stephen MacKenna and Mr. Mitchel, who were unable to be present.

A letter, which Miss M. B. Dalany had written for the New York Herald, was next read. In it she said that the festivities which attended Queen Victoria's assumption of the title of Empress of India, in 1877, were spoken of in the newspapers of the day, as being regarded in many quarters as an indecent and ostentatious waste of public money at a time when famine was threatening a large part of India. She went on to say that the proposed jubilee procession of 1897 was in equally bad taste, and that the money destined to defray the expenses of it would be better employed if it were sent to the starving and plague-stricken Hindoos. Miss Maud Gonne, who was in the chair, said that the authorities at the Mairie of Versailles had had the statue of Hoche photographed for the Paris Young Ireland Society in commemoration of the St. Patrick's Day demonstration. The photograph, showing the wreath placed on the statue by the delegates from the society, was much admired. Count d'Alton O'Shee proposed, and Mr. Healy seconded, that a vote of thanks be tendered to the authorities at Mairie for their graceful act. Carried unanimously.

Miss Gonne then proposed, and Miss Delany seconded that a vote of congratulation be tendered to Mr. Kinsella on his release from a cruel imprisonment. Carried unanimously.

It was announcen that owing to the impossibility of having all the articles for the first number of Irlande Libre ready for the present month its publication had been postponed until the 1st of May. While the meeting was in session, Miss Gonne received a letter from the Irish volunteers en route to Greece, presenting their compliments to the Paris Young Ireland Society, and thanking it for its efforts in behalf of the objects which they have at heart. The meeting passed, amid applause a vote of congratulation and good wishes to the brave men who so well represented Ireland's undying love of liberty and nationality. The meeting then adjourned.

THE JUDICIAL TICKETS.

The Republican County Central Committee, at its meeting of April 21, decided not to hold a judicial convention to nominate candidates for the Circuit and Superior benches, and nominated the incumbent judges as follows:

For Judge of the Superior Court—Theodore Brentano, R.

For Judges of the Circuit court—Murray F. Tuley, D.; Richard S. Tuthill, R.; Edward F. Dunne, D.; Oliver H. Horton, R.; Francis Adams, D.; Abner Smith, R.; Richard W. Clifford, D.; Edmund Burke, R.; Frank Baker, D.; Charles G. Neeley, R.; T. G. Windes, D.; John Gibbons, R.; Arba N. Waterman, R.; Elbridge Hanecy, R.

The Democrats held their county judicial convention last Satuday, and placed in the field the following ticket:

For Circuit Court Judges—Murray F. Tuley, D.; Francis Adams, D.; Edward F. Dunne, D.; Charles S. Thornton, D.; George A. Trude, D.; Granville W. Browning, D.; William Prentiss, D.; James H. Teller, Pop.; Henry M. Coburn, D.; Edward U. Fliehmann, D.; Elbridge Hanecy, R.; Oliver H. Horton, R.; Richard S. Tuthill, R.; Arba N. Waterman, R.

For Judge Superior Court—Theodore Brentano, R.

For Judge Supreme Court, Seventh District, Benjamin J. Magruder, R.

Friends of Capt. W. C. Black made strenuous efforts to get his name on the ticket, but did not succeed.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester N. Y.*

THE BATTLE OF GLENDALOUGH.

BY M. J. M'CANN.

An autumn's sun is beaming on Dublin's castle towers,
Whose portals fast are pouring forth the Pale's embattled powers;
And on fair Wicklow's hills they urge their firm and rapid sway,
And well may proud Lord Grey exult to view their stern arry.

For their was many a stately knight whose helm was rough with gold,
And spearman grim, and musketeer, in Erin's wars grown old;
And on they sped for Glendalough 'gainst daring Fiach MacHugh.
Who lately with his mountain bands to that wild pass withdrew.

And, now, above the rugged glen, their prancing steeds they rein,
While many an eager look along its mazy depths they strain,
But where's the marshalled foe they seek —the camp or watch fires—where?
For, save the Eagle screaming high, no sign of life is there!

"Ho!" cried the haughty deputy, "my gallant friends we're late—
I rightly deemed the rebel foe would scarce our visit wait!
But, onward lead the foot, Carew! perhaps in sooth 'twere well
That something of their flocks and herds our soldiery should tell."

"I've heard it is the traitors wont in cave and swamp to hide
Whene'er they deem their force too weak the battle's brunt to bide;
So, mark! where'er a rebel lurks, arouse him in his lair.
And death to him whose hand is known an Irish foe to spare."

But thus the veteran Cosby spoke: "My lord, I've known for years,
The hardihood and daring of those stalwart mountaineers;
And, trust me that our bravest would in yonder rugged pass,
But little like the greeting of an Irish galloglass.

"'Tis true his brawny breast is not encased in tempered steel,
But sheer and heavy is the stroke his nervous arm can deal;
And, too, my lord, perhaps 'twore ill that here you first should learn
How truly like a mountain cat, in Erin's fearless kern."

"March!" was the sole and stern reply; and as the leader spoke,
Horn and trump and thundering drum a thousand echoes woke,
And on, with martial tramp, the host, all bright in glittering mail,
Wound, like a monstrous serpent, far along the gloomy vale.

But, hark! what wild defiant yell the rocks and woods among,
Has now, so fierce from every side, in thrilling echoes rung?—
O'Byrne's well known warrison!—and hark! alone the dell,
With rapid and successive peal, the muskets' deadly knell!

As wolves, which in a narrow ring, the hunters' band enclose,
So rush the baffled Saxons on the ambush of their foes:—
And, lo! from every craggy screen, as 'twere instinct with life,
Up spring the mountain warriors to meet the coming strife.

And, tall amid their foremost band, his broadsword flashing bright
The dreaded Fiach MacHugh is seen to cheer them to the fight,
And from the fiery chieftain's lips those words of vengeance passed
"Behold the bloody Sassanagh — remember Mullaghmast!"

"Now, gallant clansmen, charge them home! not oft ye hand to hand,
In battle with your ruthless foes on terms so equal stand;
Ye meet not now in firm array the spearmen's serried ranks
No whelming squadrons here can dash like whirlwinds on your flanks!"

The keen and ponderous battle-axe with deadly force is plied,
And deep the mountain pike and skian in Saxon blood are dyed,
And many a polished corselet's pierced, and many a helm is cleft—
And few of all that proud array for shameful flight are left!

No time to breathe or rally them—so hotly are they pressed;
For thousand maddening memories fire each raging victor's breast,
And many a sire and brother's blood, and many a sister's wrong,
Were then avenged, dark Glendalough, thy echoing vale along.

Carew and Audley deep had sworn the Irish foe to tame,
But thundering on their dying ears his shout of victory came,
And burns with shame DeGrey's knit brow, and throbs with rage his eye,
To see his best in wildest rout from Erin's clansmen fly!

Ho! warder! for the Deputy fling wide thy fortress gate;—
Lo! burgher proud, and haughty dame, be these the bands ye wait:
Whose banners lost, and broken spears, and wounds and disarray
Proclaim their dire disgrace and loss in that fierce mountain fray?

"Teddy" and the A. P. A.

"Teddy" Roosevelt is no bigot. In an address on St. Patrick's Day in New York he said: "We need all the patriotism, honesty and courage to face and overcome the evils of our government—for we have our share of them. Of all the evil movements in our country there is none like the A. P. A. While I was civil service commissioner I was in doubt as to the selection between two men for a chairmanship of a board for a town—I have forgotten their names, but will refer to them as Donnelly and Jones. I received a letter purporting to be signed by the majority of the citizens of the town which stated that the town was an A. P. A. one, and urged the appointment of Jones. The letter solved the question, and I immediately selected Donnelly."—Catholic Citizen.

MAYORAL APPOINTMENTS.

A Long List of Police Magistrates, Bridgetenders and Other City Officers.

Mayor Harrison announced to the City Council last Monday evening the following list of appointments, which were confirmed:

Police Magistrates—Harrison street, Justices Martin and Foster. Maxwell street, Justice Dooley. Desplaines street, Justice Sabath to succeed Justice Kehoe. Chicago avenue, Justice Kersten. South Chicago, Justice Foley. Hyde Park, Justice Quinn. Town of Lake, Justice Fitzgerald. Sheffield avenue, Justice Mahoney.

Police Court Clerks—Harrison street, S. W. Ahrend and N. J. Martin. Maxwell street, L. J. Fligl. Desplaines street, Horace Banyon. West Chicago avenue, George Emmicke. Chicago avenue, E. J. Roelle. Thirty-fifth street, J. F. Sinnott. Hyde Park, H. M. Polite. South Chicago, Alexander Wisniewski. Town of Lake, T. R. Halligan. Sheffield avenue, W. R. Roll.

Bridgetenders—Rush street, Frank Martin, $2,700; State, Daniel Cahill, $2,700; Dearborn, Thomas Moynihan, $2,700; Clark, Michael Sullivan, $2,700; Randolph, Wm. Gleason, $2,700; Polk, Elijah Smith, $1,800; Canal, Anton Annweiler, $3,400; Twenty-second, Frank McGovern, $1,800; South Halsted, W. Punchek, $3,400; Main, Patrick Lavery, $1,800; Indiana, L. Gurson, $1,600; North Halsted, Robert Fischer, $3,400; Division, Fred Roehm, $1,200; Division (canal), T. Burke, $1,200; Fullerton avenue, J. E. Shlake, $1,500; Ninety-second, W. Rankin, $1,080; Ninety-fifth, S. Tymma, $825; One Hundred and Eighth, T. Novak, $825; Chittenden, B. Fogil, $600; Deering, L. Heffernan, $2,100; South Western avenue, M. Quinn, $1,000; Eighteenth, J. J. Fitzgerald, $2,100; Twelfth, M. Finnegan, $2,700; Harrison, T. Guerin, $2,000; North avenue, O. Ring, $1,200; Weed, J. Heim, $1,800; Clybourn place, J. Minick, $975; Webster avenue, A. Sawicki, $600; Diversey avenue, J. Murawski, $900; Belmont avenue, J. J. Reilly, $600; North Western avenue, W. E. Wadsworth, $900.

Cattle Poundmasters—West Side, Edward Collins; North Side, R. M. Standemeyer; Englewood, C. J. Regan; South Chicago, W. Littledale.

Other appointments—Harbormaster, John Roberts; Assistant Harbormasters, Charles Darrow, John McCarthy, F. Walterhorn; Chief Vessel Dispatcher, T. J. Elderkin; Assistant Vessel Dispatcher, J. P. Renland; Haymarket Master, John Bigane; Assistant Haymarket Master, John McGann; Superintendent of Dogpound, Frank Rooney.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

Jupiter Pluvius was in an extravagant mood on Thurday evening, April 22, but not even the most copious downpour he indulged in was sufficient to dampen the ardor of those who intended being present at the Lyceum meeting on that evening. The winds bore fairy whispers of good things to be, and such were realized. Songs, elocution and oratory compensated a hundred fold for the idiosyncrasies of the fickle weather man. Promptness in opening the meeting was a pleasant feature. Those who came early procured seats and smiled. Later comers bemoaned their dilatoriness, stood on tiptoe in the anterooms and halls and resolved to come early next time.

Prof. T. J. Purcell opened the road to the hearts of his audience with a selection of Irish airs on the piano. Applause and admiration were lavishly extended in return. A song of the "Robins" was sung by one of the charming young misses of the South Side—Miss Corinne Faro. The sweet little redbreast songster would have been pleased to still his delicate note in deference to the lovely and finely trained voice of Miss Faro. Master Donahue, a youthful member of a most gifted family, recited one of the stories that we all remember from boyhood's days, in which he displayed fine talent, delivery and training. Encores were many. Master James Dohney, another juvenile prodigy for whom fame and success are evidently awaiting, gave a vocal solo that was par excellence. His encore of "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" brought showers of compliments on his modest and manly young head. Miss Margaret D. Donaghue recited the story of "The Widow Malone, Ochone," in such excellent tone that a heart of stone would soon have grown just like her own melting with love for "the widow Malone, ochone." As an encore she recited a piece in most excellent style concerning that utter impossibility — an angelic ideal man or woman. Miss Donahue is an elocutionist of exceptionally high attainments, and her success at the Lyceum is but one more to her long list. Moore's beautiful piece, "Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded?" sung by Prof. Purcell, was received with an unmistkable love for the singer and the melody. Miss Hannah McCarthy, a well known and prepossessing favorite of the Lyceum, was in splendid voice, and was most favorably received and encored. Little Florence Irene Daly, the child elocutionist, recited "A Naughty Little Girl's View of Life" with that winning way and utter nonchalance that makes the child performer adored. Her debut was most auspicious for future greatness, and the inevitable encore added luster to her wonderful efforts.

The concluding number, a vocal solo by the Illinois Male Quartette, was a grand and fitting conclusion to the brilliant programme. Two encores scarcely sufficed to satisfy the wishes of the audience.

Pressure of space necessitates a curtailed report of the debate on, "Should Women Be Granted the Elective Franchise?" The excellence of the debate both from a literary and political standpoint may be gleaned from the fact that Mr. John T. Keating upheld the affirmative side, while Lawyers M. A. Hoey and Geo. F. Mulligan defended the negative, which was victorious.

Tonight (Saturday, April 26) the Lyceum will hold its first grand reception and ball in Oxford hall, 77 Thirty-first street. Preparations are made to provide each and every one a most enjoyable time. Favorable returns for tickets sold come from all quarters, and the outlook for unprecedented success is bright and cheering. Tickets may be had at the hall entrance, and lovers of dancing and pleasure should not miss this grand opportunity to be "one among the number." J. J. S.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN M. GIBBONS.

Mr. John M. Gibbons, son of Mr. John Gibbons, one of the oldest and best known residents of the North Division, died at the family residence, No. 121 East Huron street, on Sunday, after a protracted illness. Deceased was in his 38th year, and was very popular in his social and business relations. The funeral occurred on Tuesday morning from the house to the Cathedral of the Holy Name, where requiem high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father J. M. Scanlan, assisted by other clergymen. The following acted as pallbearers: Messrs. John F. O'Malley, Thomas Brownlee, William Burns, William H. Lyman, Michael Quinn and John T. Gibbons. Over one hundred and fifty carriages formed the funeral cortege which escorted the remains to Calvary cemetery, where they were interred. Requiescat in pace.

MR. MICHAEL O'DEA.

On Monday, April 26, the funeral of Mr. Michael O'Dea, who departed this life on the 23d ult., took place from his late residence, No. 650 Centre avenue, thence to the Sacred Heart church, and by cars to Calvary cemetery. The deceased was 61 years old, and had resided in this city for upwards of forty years. He was a member of the Married Men's Sodality, Sacred Heart church, who were represented by a delegation of the members. Mr. O'Dea was a respected citizen of the community, an affectionate and devoted husband, and a true specimen of God's noblest work—an honest man. The deceased leaves his widow, Mrs. Catherine O'Dea, three grown sons and two daughters to mourn his loss. Mrs. Catherine O'Dea is the sister of Daniel O'Connor, of this city. The funeral was largely attended by friends of the deceased, among whom were many of the old residents of forty years and more in this city, such as William Rawleigh, the grocer; John McCauliff, David L. Barry, Miles McPadden, Thomas O'Hay, ex-County Commissioner Patrick McCarthy, Thomas O'Connor, James Murphy, Louis Weber, Hugh Cielland, Con Griffin, Patrick Dignan and Daniel O'Connor, brother to the widow of the deceased, Mrs. Catherine O'Dea.

Div. 2, A. O. H.

At the last meeting of Div. 2, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to afflict our esteemed and worthy brother, Patrick F. Holden of Div. 35, by the death of his beloved wife, therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of Div. 2 extend to our dear brother in this his hour of sorrow our heartfelt sympathy, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the records of our division, and a copy of same be forwarded to THE CHICAGO CITIZEN and the New World for publication.

THOS. J. SHERLOCK,
THOS. B. O'HARA,
JOHN J. HANRAHAN,
HENRY G. HILL,
Committee.

The members of Div. 2 at their next regular meeting, to be held in Drexel hall, 3913 Cottage Grove avenue on Friday evening, May 7, will give a "smoke talk." The officers and members of the South Side divisions are cordially invited to be present. An interesting programme is assured.

The members of this division will make their annual turn out to holy communion to Holy Angels' church on Sunday, May 9. All South Side members who possibly can do so are asked to join them.

Spring Medicine is a necessity which Hood's Sarsaparilla grandly supplies. It purifies and vitalizes the blood and thus gives tone and strength to the whole system.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Cure all liver ills.

Freaks of the Missouri.

In the May St. Nicholas Frank H. Spearman has a paper entitled "A Shifting Boundary," which is particularly timely just at present, as it tells of the way the Missouri river has of suddenly changing its boundaries. Mr. Spearman says:

Of course you've heard of the curious freaks of the Missouri river—the "Big Muddy." How the sudden, treacherous mountain waters roll down in mighty floods from Montana and Wyoming, ricochet from side to side of the broad valley they have eaten deep into the soft prairies, and pour headlong into the Mississippi near St. Louis; how, night and day, winter and summer, the twisting torrent shifts its channel, cuts its banks, undermines railroads, astonishes the muskrats, keeps the fish studying guide-posts, worries the bridge guards, and sets the farmers crazy. For, just think of it, the Nebraska farmer whose land stretches along the river goes to bed thinking he will cut his broad acres of golden wheat in the morning; but lo! in the night that madcap river has entered his waving fields and like snow they have melted away. Grain, fences, trees, buildings, land—are gone! And a great, sullen, yellow flood boils and eddies where his harvest smiled yesterday.

Next week, very likely, the reckless stream will make his neighbor across the river a present of a hundred or more acres, just because he doesn't need them. Of course it was natural for a man who lost his land that way to look longingly across the river, and think, after a while, that the newly made land over there belonged to him; and many a wearisome lawsuit has been begun to recover title to "made" land which lies, maybe, exactly where the lost farm lay, but on the other side of the river. Perhaps there is some equity in such a claim, but the trouble is, that sort of thing is going on all the time, and the courts said they couldn't keep track of such pranks; that lands acquired by accretion—mark that word—should belong to the farmer who owned the river bank where they were thrown up; that if the river took your farm, you would have to fish it out of the stream you lost it in; at least, you needn't ask the courts to give you another for it.

FOR NEGROES AND INDIANS.

Philadelphia the Largest Contributor Among the Archdioceses.

The following figures, says the Catholic Citizen of Milwaukee, from the financial statement recently issued by the commission for the Catholic missions among the colored people and the Indians are of special interest to local Catholics. These statistics give the results of the collection in 1896 and of the collections from 1887 to 1896 inclusive:

Archdiocese.	1896.	Totals. 1887-1896.
Baltimore	$2,000.00	$23,778.38
Boston	5,500.00	53,615.31
Chicago	1,260.00	18,464.95
Cincinnati	2,210.00	23,090.00
Dubuque	1,060.00	11,668.17
Milwaukee	1,121.22	11,885.10
New Orleans	800.00	8,282.38
New York	5,000.00	49,684.02
Oregon City	90.00	709.50
Philadelphia	6,045.61	70,760.28
San Francisco	1,000.00	9,698.60
Santa Fe	160.35	1,038.33
St. Louis	2,400.00	22,882.60
St. Paul	800.00	10,396.88

The total amount collected in all the dioceses and archdioceses of the country in 1896 was $61,993.63. The total amount collected in all the dioceses and archdioceses of the country from 1887 to 1896 inclusive was $672,861.79.

THE SHAMROCK "TURNED DOWN."

In the house of commons recently, Mr. Brodrick, replying to Mr. MacNeill, said it was a fact that a private of the King's Royal rifles, stationed at Aldershot, was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment for wearing a shamrock in his cap on St. Patrick's Day. When told to take it out he replied that Irish soldiers were allowed to wear the shamrock on St. Patrick's Day. The late Mr. Stanhope stated in 1892 that the sanction of the commanding officer must first be obtained for the wearing of emblems or any other addition to the uniforms. This was not done by the private in question. Particulars of this case, however, were brought to the notice of the general officer commanding at Aldershot, who was now engaged in investigating the matter. There was a strong desire on the part of the authorities that all consideration, consistent with discipline, should be shown by commanding officers to legitimate national feeling.

Mr. MacNeill—May I ask the right honorable gentlemen whether it is the fact that this man was sent to seven days' imprisonment with hard labor, and that the commanding officer was not communicated with? By whose whose orders was that man sentenced to seven days' imprisonment?

Mr. Brodrick—I presume by order of the commanding officer. As I have said, the facts are now being investigated.

Mr. MacNeill—This is a very important matter. Is the commanding officer to investigate the facts after he has sentenced the man to seven days' imprisonment?

The Speaker — Order, order. The honorable gentleman is replying to the answer which has been given and arguing from it.

Capt. Donelan—May I ask the right honorable gentlemen whether, as an Irishman, he approves of the sentence? (Cries of "Order.")

The Speaker — Order, order. The honorable and gallant gentleman must know that that is an improper question to ask. It is a matter of opinion.

Col. Blundell—May I ask whether the private was on parade at the time in uniform, and whether he was punished not for wearing the shamrock, but for a breach of discipline?

The Speaker—Order, order. That does not arise out of the answer. The right honorable gentleman has stated that the matter is the subject of inquiry now.

Mr. P. O'Brien asked if the Irish soldiers who were sent to Crete would be allowed to wear the shamrock on St. Patrick's Day?

The Speaker—Order, order. If the members persist in asking questions after I have ruled them out of order I shall have to call the attention of the house to them.

In answer to Capt. Donelan Mr. Brodrick said the general officer commanding at Aldershot reports that Private Grindle appeared on parade with a shamrock in his cap and was at once ordered to remove it by Second Lieutenant Blundell. This he refused to do and he was then made a prisoner. The officer commanding awarded him 168 hours' imprisonment for direct disobedience of an order given by an officer on parade—not for wearing the shamrock—and this he explained to Private Grindle at the time. Any soldier must obey any order given by an officer, but the general officer commanding considers that Second Lieutenant Blundell should not have given the order for the removal of the shamrock without referring to his officer commanding, and has ordered the entry in Private Grindle's defaulter sheet to be expunged.

Capt. Donelan asked what compensation the soldier would receive.

Mr. Brodrick—There is no question of compensation. The soldier committed an error—first in not obtaining his commanding officer's leave to wear the shamrock, and next in refusing to obey an order twice given on parade. He was consequently punished; but, looking to all the circumstances, the general officer commanding has ordered the record to be expunged, so that it will not stand against him in his future service.

Mr. Patrick O'Brien asked whether English soldiers were not wearing the rose on St. George's Day.

The Speaker—Order, order. That is a general question, and does not arise out of the answer given.

Mr. O'Brien—I want to develop it.

The Speaker—The honorable member is developing it in a direction which is irrelevant.

Capt. Donelan asked whether this soldier had been released and what portion of his term of imprisonment he had served?

Mr. Brodrick—His imprisonment was over some days before the question was put.

Capt. Donelan—Did he serve the whole term?

Mr. Brodrick—Yes; he had served the whole time before the question was asked.—Dublin Freeman.

Gaelic Athletic Association of Ireland.

[*To the Editor.*]

I beg on behalf of the Central Council, Gaelic Athletic Association, to extend a challenge through the medium of your columns to the Gaelic Athletic Association of America to send to Ireland next year two teams of hurlers and footballers representative of the United States, to play a series of international matches with the picked hurlers and footballers of Ireland. The excursions to Ireland next year, in connection with the '98 celebration, will afford a means for the bringing off of the proposed contests, which will be of paramount interest to the sea-divided Gael. Will the Gaelic Athletic Association executives in New York and Chicago please communicate with me as soon as possible on the subject? Yours very truly,

R. T. BLAKE,
Secretary G. A. A.
8 Upper O'Connell street, Dublin.

IS BUSINESS SLOW AT HOME?

Then why not investigate what other localities offer? The chief centres of Southwestern mining, manufacturing, farming and stock-raising industries are found along the Santa Fe Route. For ticket rates and full particulars of the country, address W. J. Black, G. P. A., A. T. & S. F. Ry., Topeka, Kas., or C. A. Higgins, A. G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac of your druggist, under guarantee to cure, 50c or $1.00. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

CALIFORNIA.

If you are going there by all means inquire about the Burlington Route Personally Conducted Excursions to San Francisco and Los Angeles, which leave Chicago every Wednesday with a Pullman Palace Tourist car through to destination. The route is via Denver, the Denver & Rio Grande Railway (scenic line) and Salt Lake City. The cars are fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, mattresses, pillows, blankets, bed linen, berth curtains, toilet rooms, heat and light, and, in fact, all the conveniences of a standard Pullman Palace car; they lack only some of the expensive finish of the Pullmans run on the limited express trains, while the cost per berth is only about one-third of the price.

Write for full particulars to T. A. GRADY, Excursion Manager, C., B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. 10c.

FRANCIS T. COLBY, ATTORNEY, 95 METROPOLITAN BLOCK.

PUBLICATION NOTICE—STATE OF ILLINOIS, County of Cook, ss.—Probate Court of Cook County. Frank T. Kinnare, public administrator of Cook county, Illinois, administrator of the estate of John Conlan, deceased, vs. Anne Conlon, the unknown heirs and devisees of Anne Conlon, deceased, Michael Conlon, Bridget Conlon, Thomas Conlon, Nannie Conlon, Bryan Conlon, the unknown heirs and devisees of Bryan Conlon, deceased, Sarah Conlon, Patrick Conlon, the unknown heirs and devisees of Patrick Conlon, deceased, Mrs. —— Conlon, the wife or widow of Patrick Conlon, Eliza Brown, the unknown heirs and devisees of Eliza Brown, deceased, Mr. —— Brown, the husband or widower of Eliza Brown, Alfred E. Barr, trustee, Samuel Kerr, successor in trust, John Schwerer, the State of Illinois, the county of Cook (in the State of Illinois), Maurice T. Moloney, Attorney-General for the State of Illinois, Jacob J. Kern, State's Attorney for Cook county, Illinois, Minnie Weil, Thomas Napoleon Harris, William McCutchen, Herman Emmert, Hans Heinsen, Lorenz Hansen, Patrick H. Dowdle, the unknown heirs of John Conlan, deceased, and unknown owners.

(Petition to sell real estate to pay debts).

Public notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a decretal order made and entered in the above entitled cause on the second day of April, 1897, on the petition of said administrator for leave to sell the real estate of said deceased to pay the debts of said estate, the undersigned will on Tuesday, the 18th day of May, 1897, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon of said day at the Rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board in the City of Chicago, situated at number 59 Dearborn street, in said City of Chicago, in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder all the following described real estate, to-wit: Lot number ten (10) in Bassett's Subdivision of the south east quarter of block sixteen in the Canal Trustees' subdivision of section thirty-three (33) in township thirty-nine (39) north, range fourteen (14) east of the third principal Meridian in Cook county, Illinois, disencumbered of all mortgages, judgments and other liens of whatsoever kind or nature. Said sale will be upon the following terms: Six Thousand Dollars in cash and the balance payable in twelve months with interest thereon at the rate of five per cent per annum. Said balance of the purchase money will be secured by a note with good personal security and further secured by a mortgage on said above described real property. The undersigned will deliver no deed or deeds of said premises until the report of said sale of said premises is confirmed by said Probate Court.

Chicago, April 12, 1897.

FRANK T. KINNARE,
Public Administrator, Administrator as aforesaid.
Francis T. Colby, Solicitor for Administrator.

Steamship Tickets and Drafts.

4 Per Cent Interest on Savings Deposits.

Money to Loan on Real Estate.

GRAHAM & SONS,
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134 West Madison Street.
Safety Deposit Boxes $3.00 per year.
OPEN EVENINGS.

A Wonderful Statement

From Mrs. McGillas to Mrs. Pinkham.

I think it my duty, dear Mrs. Pinkham, to tell you what your wonderful Compound has done for me.

I was dreadfully ill—the doctors said they could cure me but failed to do so.

I gave up in despair and took to my bed. I had dreadful pains in my heart, fainting-spells, sparks before my my eyes—and sometimes I would get so blind, I could not see for several minutes.

I could not stand very long without feeling sick and vomiting. I could not breathe a long breath without screaming, my heart pained so.

I also had female weakness, inflammation of ovaries, painful menstruation, displacement of the womb, itching of the external parts, and ulceration of the womb. I have had all these complaints.

The pains I had to stand were something dreadful. My husband told me to try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine, which I did, and after taking it for a while, was cured. No other kind of medicine for me as long as you make Compound. I hope every woman who suffers will take your Compound and be cured.—MRS. J. S. MCGILLAS, 113 Kilburn avenue, Rockford, Ill.

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McVicker's Theatre Building,
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Harelip or Cleft Palate Cancers, tumors and all diseases of the mouth a Specialty. Consultation Free. Children's teeth examined free on Saturdays from 2 to 4 p. m.

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TELEPHONE 2688.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. March Term, A. D. 1897. E. S. Rooks as Receiver of Illinois Paper Company vs. George M. Hill, R. R. McCabe, Eugene A. Weeks, Albert B. Barnes, E. A. Lawson, The Weeks Publishing Company and the E. A. Weeks & Company. In Chancery No. 181,018.

Notice is hereby given to the said E. A. Lawson that the above named Complainant heretofore filed his Bill of Complaint in said Court on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said Court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the first Monday of April A. D. 1897, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

JOHN A. LINN, Clerk.
Master in Chancery's Solicitor.

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Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
CIGARS.
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LA CARINA
CIGARS.
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142 MICHIGAN AVE.,
CHICAGO.

AN OCTOBER ALLEGRO.

We are yellow autumn leaves, decked
with russet and with red,
Pranked in gold and in the proudest of
attire,
But the wild October breeze hath lured
us from the trees
And hath piped to us to dance to his
desire.

Such a tone he now hath blown, full of
revelry and glee,
Like the fluting of the orioles in May,
That we yield us to the course of his
dominating force
And come drifting down, his mandate to
obey.

We refuse to borrow sorrow from the
morrow ere 'tis here,
For the music of the day doth make us
mad,
And the fate of leaf or man must befall
as best it can
When the wind doth will to wanton and
be glad.

What intoxicating pleasures are the
measures of our dance
When a thousand of us rise as in a
cloud
Or when, as from a sleep, we awake in
sudden sweep
And around do reel a swiftly eddying
crowd!

How we twirl in merry swirl as aslant
the wind we whirl
To seem to shun his rapturous embrace
Till he lifts us in his might to the glory
of the height,
Where the swallows dip and swing in
airy chase.

And as Jove woed Danae in the fabled
days of old,
When the gods for love did stoop to
visit earth,
So in showers of splendent gold hath the
wind his passion told,
With the promise of the springtime's
joyous birth.
—W. D. Ellwanger in New York Sun.

MAXWELL'S MISSION.

Young Maxwell stood by his impatient horse, one foot in the stirrup, in front of the commanding officer's tent. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes shone with the light of gratified pride.

"I have chosen you," said the officer, "in spite of your youth, not only because of the speed of your horse and your own activity and zeal, but because of the character you ha[ve] gained while in the service of the co[m]pany. It is not to every man of the pio[neers] I would trust 200 sovereigns in gold. And look here, young man—Farrel's death by fever left a vacancy among the sergeants. I'll say no more, except that in the company a sergeant always stands a chance of becoming a lieutenant. I trust you, Maxwell. You understand your orders?"

"Cross two rivers going due north, then head for a big kopje which I will see from the bank of the second river. There I shall find Lieutenant Adair's camp, get a receipt and return."

"Exactly. You will get there shortly after nightfall. Remember, you will have no danger from wandering Matabeles, if Lobengula keeps his promise of peace until Adair hands him the money. As to any one else, there is not a soul in Mashonaland save the Matabeles and ourselves. I wouldn't send you alone if it were otherwise. The real fact is, I can tell you, there have been desertions and discontent lately, and I—I don't want to risk losing any money at the hands of some man who might be tempted to ride off with it."

The youngest trooper of that audacious band, who, in insignificant numbers, marched a few years ago right into the country of the most dreaded Kaffir king in South Africa, the ferocious Lobengula, rode off on his mission with a glad and proud heart. This was his chance, but he felt he had earned it, and as his horse bounded through the long grass and breasted the waters of the rivers Maxwell's imagination was picturing a glorious future of which that day should be the beginning. There was scope indeed for dreams, gazing on that rich and measureless veldt, which could fatten countless herds, which could yield incalculable stores of grain, whose river beds were sanded with gold. Another India? Another Clive? Who shall read the dreams of youth?

So fleetly sped his horse that the messenger had crossed the first river and was in sight of the second, beyond which he could already see the kopje or hill, which was his destination before the sun quite disappeared on the western rim of the veldt. It was, however, darkening, and the kopje was merging swiftly into the gray shadows of evening, when suddenly from the tall grass to his right came a loud call. It was not the nearness of the voice, though that was startlingly close, that brought Maxwell to a sharp halt. It was the fact that it was a civilized voice, as distinctly discernible from a Kaffir cry as could be, and a voice also that seemed in distress.

"Wacht een beetje!" (Wait a little).

It was the cry of a Dutchman, a Boer, and it amazed the courier so that he reined in his horse. What, he thought, could a Boer be doing alone in that wild land, hundreds of miles from his Transvaal settlement? At any rate, if he needed help—

"Wacht een beetje!" came the call again, but sharply, commandingly. From the grass, high as a man's head, came a denser shadow than of any fleeting cloud and the beat of a horse's hoofs. Maxwell, in the dusk, saw only the vague outlines of a rider swiftly approaching. Suddenly something gleamed in a parting ray of the sun, and the pioneer realized that a long rifle was pointing at him. With a cry not of fear, but of anger at having been deceived by that first call for help, the youth whipped his revolver from its holster and fired at the still shadowy horseman. At the same instant he pressed his knees to his horse's flanks, and the brute plunged forward—too late! The courier's attention had been so concentrated on his right that he had not noticed another apparition stealing upon him from the left. As the horse started forward a strong arm clutched the reins and forced it back, while another, wielding a knobkerrie, struck Maxwell from his horse.

Without a word the two strangers leaped from their horses, and, bending over the body, rifled it of its money belt, containing the golden burden. Not until that was done did they speak, and, although the first man had called to the messenger in Dutch and with a Boer's accent, now they spoke in English.

"I hit too hard, I'm afraid," said one. "He's not gone, is he?"

"Not he," said the other. "The night air will bring him round soon enough. Have we got all?"

"It's stowed snugly in the belt which I have; safer there. There is no time to divide up now. Picket the young un's horse beside him. We can't leave that running loose."

They did so, and soon the sound of their galloping horses was again smothered in the thick, rank grass as they rode off as swiftly and mysteriously as they had come.

The moon was up when the heavy dews from the cloudless sky and the night wind of the veldt brought back to Maxwell his lost senses. He staggered to his feet, and for a long time he stood looking at his impatient horse and pressing his throbbing head in a vain effort to remember what had happened. It was not until he had clambered into the saddle and his hand had wandered to his waist, round which his money belt had been, and found that gone that the full strength of his misfortune was understood. The mission confided to him had failed, and he was disgraced—robbed like any greenhorn. Robbed? A sudden horrible thought paled his cheeks. Would the commander of the expedition believe his story? The officer had himself hinted that the trust would have been a temptation to some, and—he had no wound to show save a paltry lump on his head; no proof, no witness that he had been attacked at all. In doubt and misery, he rode back to camp with a sore heart and hanging head.

Next day he faced a gathering of the officers in the headquarters tent. He had told his story, and it was received with greater incredulity even than he had feared. One stout, loud voiced man laughed it to scorn.

"Don't tell me!" he cried. "You're little more than a boy yourself, Maxwell, but a child could invent a better tale than that. Look here! You say they were Boers. You ought to know that no Boer or any other white man would venture into Mashonaland unless he was protected by being one of us. Lobengula's scouts would snap him up, eat him up. If there were any such fool, we'd know of it. And, again, do you mean to tell us that the thief, if he was a Boer, would not have picked you off without any palaver at all? And, having done so, would he have left your horse—a Boer? Why, any Boer would do a good deal of shooting to get such a horse as yours. No, no! Own up. In a moment of temptation you've hid this money and had not the experience to invent a plausible yarn."

The trooper turned white to his lips, but answered never a word. The commanding officer looked at him sadly. He had placed the greatest trust in the youngster.

"Say no more, major," he said abruptly. "Maxwell, I regret this occurrence very much. Much as I hate to say it, the major argues correctly. It is impossible to credit this wild tale of Boers being around here. The matter must, however, pass out of our hands. Tomorrow Sergeant Wayne goes to Kimberley on company's business, and Private Roberts with him. They will take you as far as Fort Tuli, on the frontier, under arrest, awaiting trial."

It was with very different sensations from those with which he had ridden off on his mission that Maxwell commenced his journey to Tuli. Yet, though a prisoner, and his heart filled with a dumb despair, he held his head proudly as he shook hands with a few comrades who bade him cheer up. But the efforts of his friends to give him hope were for the greater part forced, for Maxwell could not but see with bitterness that even they found it hard to credit his story. It was preposterous to believe that any other white men were in that hostile country save the pioneers themselves. His cheeks flushed as he overheard the remark of one:

"I'm sorry for him, for he was a first rate sort, but he ought to have done it neater than that. Anyhow they can't do anything to him. They can't prove he took the money, but they can't prove he did not, don't you know."

"So," thought Maxwell with anguish, "I shall be a suspected man all my life."

The prisoner and his two guards rode on almost in silence. The journey to Tuli, on the frontier, would take them at the least three days, and it was not one without danger. They did not fear any interruption from the Matabele warriors, for these were massed to the north with their king, but lions and large game abounded, and the broad rivers over which they had to swim their horses swarmed with crocodiles. To defend himself, therefore, Maxwell's rifle and cartridges, although he was under arrest, were not taken from him. He knew his guards but slightly. They were not men of the kind he had chosen to be intimate with; of the ruder, least educated class in that mixed company of adventurous young fellows.

Sergeant Wayne first broke the dreary silence.

"We're as gloomy and silent as if we were all going to be hung," he cried, with a loud laugh. "Cheer up, Max! Cheer up! There's nothing to be so glum about, man. There's nothing in the way of evidence against you, is there, Roberts?"

"What do I know?" growled the other.

"Pshaw! You're as morose as Maxwell here. And you ought to be happy enough, too—got your discharge, going back to your friends, money in pocket"—

"Is it?" growled the private. "I wish you'd hold your row."

"Nasty, ain't he, Maxwell? He'll be better after supper and he's got some of that springbok meat down his throat. Finest buck I ever shot, Max."

"I thought hunting passes had been stopped since Jones got assagaied when out shooting?" said Maxwell indifferently.

"Maybe they are, old man," said Wayne, with a laugh, "but the sergeant of the guard can sometimes get a chance to get some fresh meat for supper. So Roberts and I managed to skip the camp"—

He suddenly stopped and looked quickly at the prisoner. But Maxwell's thoughts were already wandering back to his own position.

"Well, well," said the sergeant, "as I was saying, Maxwell, you needn't be afraid. They can't prove anything against you; so no harm's done, and some day you can drop back and dig up the"—

Maxwell cried out in a passion of indignation:

"Do you really think I hid that money?"

The sergeant looked at him with an eye half shamed, half amused.

"Well, Maxwell," he said, "the Boers and the knobkerrie and the call for help made a pretty story, especially that cry from the night, 'Wacht een beetje!' but we all know there were no Boers within 100"—

He stopped, for Maxwell was looking at him, startled, curiously.

"Well, well," the sergeant said, "there's no harm done. They can't prove anything."

Silence fell on the three again, but Maxwell was full of strange thoughts.

They camped by the side of a river which the sergeant would not swim before daylight, having a discreet regard for crocodiles, busiest always and hungriest at sundown. Roberts prepared the deer meat for broiling. Wayne gathered material for the fire, and Maxwell took the billies and went down to the river, 50 yards away, to fill them with water. The wet season was nearly over, and the river was running low. Already rocks and ranks of shingly sand showed above the stream dimly in the evening light. Maxwell cautiously scrutinized each muddy log and suspicious projection, aware by experience how easily the long, still amphibians might be mistaken for a mud imbedded tree trunk, but he saw no signs and returned to camp with his water pails. As he approached, the other two were busy and did not hear him. The sergeant was stooping over the fire, now lighted, his back turned to the young trooper. His coat was thrown aside, and his shirt had been disarranged by the armfuls of wood he had been carrying to the fire. A portion of his waist was plainly seen in the light of the flames. Maxwell looked and gasped and dropped a billyful of water. The sergeant turned at the clatter and faced him.

"What's the matter, young un? By George, you look white! Is it a crocodile?"

He ran for his gun in almost a panic, for the pioneers held the loathsome reptiles in greater horror even than lions. Maxwell had time to recover himself and forced a laugh.

"I stumbled," he said. "You're awfully scared of the brutes, Wayne."

"I am," said the sergeant, with a shudder. "I was swimming the Umbetsi alongside MacMahon that time when he and his horse were both pulled down. I dream of it still."

Maxwell rose after supper, when the other two lit their pipes. If he had been pale when he dropped the billy he was flushed now.

"Sergeant," he said, "if it's not against orders, I'd like to try a shot at those brutes before dark, if there are any lying about on the banks."

"Of course, of course, old man," said the sergeant easily. "There's no commanding officer about with bothering regulations, and, to tell the truth, I'm going to leave the pioneers anyway and ain't worrying about any prisoners. I'm sorry for you, Maxwell, 'pon my soul I am, and if you want to escape, why, man, I'll look the other way, and Roberts too. I'll help you too. By Jove I will!"

He spoke with almost anxious enthusiasm, as if he really would like to see Maxwell take his rifle and horse and ride off, but the youngster only smiled and walked off to the river. It was getting dark rapidly. Crocodiles were about in all probability, but the pioneer did not look to see. He waited a minute, and then, controlling his voice with an effort, he sang out as carelessly as he could:

"I say, you fellows, look here! I believe this is a diamond."

The ruse succeeded. The two troopers came leisurely down from the camp. Maxwell glanced anxiously at them, and his eyes lit up triumphantly, for they were unarmed. They had left their guns and pistols and belts by the fire.

"Diamond!" cried Wayne, his pipe between his lips. "Let's see, Max. Everything's possible in Africa. Why not diamonds here as well as at Kimberley? Where is it?"

Maxwell was standing on the very brink of the river, where the bank was two or three feet high above the swift water. Leisurely they approached him, coming to his side.

"Let's see," said Wayne again.

Suddenly Maxwell dashed between them, running some 20 yards away from the river. His rifle sprang to his shoulder, his eye glanced keenly through the sights.

"Wacht een beetje, you scoundrels!" he shouted in triumph. "Move a foot and I'll drop you to the crocodiles! Wacht een beetje! It's my turn now."

He stood between them and their arms, and with his rifle, a repeater, they knew he was a sure shot. They both turned white, and neither spoke. At last, with an oath, Wayne found utterance.

"Is this a joke?" he cried angrily.

"About as much so as when you hit me over the head with a knobkerrie," said Maxwell calmly. "I know now who the Boers were. You and your hunting pass! You talk too much, Sergeant Wayne! When you repeated that call for help—'Wacht een beetje'—on the march today, I recognized your voice. When you told me how you and Roberts had been out hunting without leave, you made me think, and now I know. Give me that belt next your skin—my belt!"

"Oh, you're crazy!" cried the sergeant, with a forced laugh. "What belt?"

"The one I saw about you when your shirt was drawn aside by the firewood you carried. Unbuckle it and throw it here before I count three. Quick!"

The sergeant glared furiously, but made no movement.

"One!"

The sergeant sulkily moved his hand.

"Two!"

The surly trooper, Roberts, who had hitherto remained still, suddenly broke the silence by a torrent of oaths.

"You ass!" he cried, turning on Wayne. "Didn't I tell you to give me my share and throw away the belt? But you wouldn't. You waited a chance to bolt with it all. And now you've queered us both."

In a paroxysm of rage he flung his heavy fist backward in the face of his accomplice. Wayne, taken by surprise, retreated, and his second step carried him over the bank into the stream. He went down with an appalling cry, drawn from him not so much by dread of the current as by the swift and horrid recollection of what fearful beasts had there their home. In such an instant the minds of men betray each its normal trend, and the two men left on the bank now proved what instincts swayed their actions.

"The belt! The belt!" yelled Roberts. "He's got the belt!" And he leaped from the bank to save the gold. Maxwell uttered no word. He had heard that despairing cry, had seen the agonized face as the man fell, and he dropped his rifle and leaped into the stream to save a fellow creature, although a moment before he was sternly determined to shoot him where he stood. The two leaped so nearly together and so closely after the falling body that all three were struggling in the water together. They were all good swimmers—pioneers had need to be—and in another instant they would have scrambled out, when from the mud bank, near the shore, there slid a dusky form that plunged heavily into the water. All three troopers heard that ominous plunge close to them, and all three knew what caused it. With a hideous yell Wayne, suddenly paralyzed with fear, screamed:

"Save me! Maxwell, Maxwell, save me!" Maxwell was already clinging to the bank, but he turned to the river again and saw the sergeant, so stricken with horror that he was utterly unable to reach the shore. Two strokes bore the youngster to the sinking man's side. Maxwell caught him with his left hand and grasped the belt about his waist. With all his strength he drew Wayne to the bank and dragged him ashore, literally out of the jaws of a huge crocodile.

Then another yell of agony arose from the river. The great reptile, disappointed at its first attempt, had darted about. Its jaws opened once more and closed. The next moment, save for a reddish tinge on the water, the river flowed on as before, and Roberts had disappeared.

Wayne was weak as a child from shock and sobbed hysterically, imploring young Maxwell not to leave him. In the collapse of his nerves he himself unloosened the belt of gold and gave it to the other and poured out, with a flood of tears, his confession, telling how the dead man and he, knowing somehow of Maxwell's mission, had left the camp and lain in wait for him.

Maxwell said little, but as soon as the sergeant had recovered sufficiently he ordered him to saddle up, although it was now dark, and through all that night they rode their weary horses back to camp, but with positions reversed, for he who came out as a prisoner returned as the guard.

At early morning the young pioneer told his story in the commanding officer's tent, giving him the belt with the money intact, and as the officer shook hands and congratulated him Maxwell saluted and said with a triumphant smile:

"If you can trust me again, sir, I shall be glad to complete my mission."
—P. Y. Black in New York Sun.

A Lynx Routed by a Broad Brimmed Hat.

The value of a broad brimmed hat that flops in the wind was shown near Fort McPherson, Ga., according to The American Field. A cotton farmer named J. E. Gruber was crossing a shaky bridge over a swamp creek when a lynx came out from beneath it, spoiling for a fight. Gruber didn't have so much as a four inch Kentucky toothpick with him, and consequently felt lonesome. The lynx made for the man with a yell. Gruber was game, though. He grabbed the big black hat from his head and shook it at the beast.

The beast stopped. Gruber was not slow to take advantage of the beast's doubt and gave his hat an extra flop and wave that made the lynx draw back. Gruber whooped at that and did some extra flings with the hat. The yell, the hat and Gruber's gyrations put the beast on the defensive, and it backed away as if afraid it was about to be seized. When the lynx was out of sight, Gruber, with his hat in one hand and a stick picked up for defense in the other, made his way to the nearest house.

Vicissitudes of the Road.

Frederick Bryton tells of a curious experience on the road while starring in "Forgiven." He was in a California town of perhaps 1,000 inhabitants.

"It was past 8 o'clock," said he, "and although the members of the orchestra were on hand they made no effort to strike up. My manager fumed and swore, and finally, not seeing the leader in his place, sent for the violinist, who asked, with great unconcern, what the trouble was.

"'Trouble!' said my manager, 'why don't you strike up? Where's your orchestra leader?'

"'He's gettin shaved,' replied the musician.

"'Well, why don't you play just the same? It's nearly 8:30. Where's the local manager?'

"'He be doin the shavin,' was the reply."—New York Mail and Express.

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MISS PARLOA ON SOUPS.

The French Housekeeper's Way of Making Them Described In a Lecture.

"Economy is the watchword of the French people," said Miss Parloa in her talk upon the characteristics of French cookery at the New York Young Woman's Christian association, "and the French housekeeper, no matter how simple the dish, excels in the making of it. The market prices are much higher in France than here, butter and sugar costing more than as much again. One may buy half a lemon or part of a carrot, and it is not thought unusual, and only a sufficient quantity is purchased to supply each meal, and an unexpected guest is never provided for."

Miss Parloa added that roasting and broiling are hardly known among the working classes, and pastry is made only in the kitchens of the very wealthy. An American housewife may take the lead in the making of dainty and fancy desserts, but to a Frenchwoman the making of soups and sauces is the most important part of the cookery.

The following simple soup is said to be savory and delicious: Put 3 tablespoonfuls of butter or meat fat in a soup kettle and pour over it 2 quarts of water. Let it cook 10 minutes before adding a pint of potatoes cut into cubes and 8 leeks washed and sliced thin. Add a teaspoonful of salt and one-third of pepper and allow this to cook very slowly one hour. Break 5 slices of stale bread into pieces and put in the soup tureen, and turn the soup over it when cooked the required length of time.

A French vegetable soup is made thus: Cut a large onion into thin slices and put them in a pan with 3 tablespoonfuls of butter. Let them simmer together half an hour and add 2 quarts of water. Have prepared a pint of white turnips cut into cubes, the same amount of potatoes, half a pint of carrots, half a pint of the white part of the leek cut into thin slices. Add a clove of garlic, an eschalot, a teaspoonful of sugar, one-third of a teaspoonful of pepper and salt and cook slowly an hour, adding some chopped parsley 15 minutes before the soup is removed from the fire. This soup may also be used for a vegetable puree by pressing it through a coarse sieve, and to a pint of the thick soup add a pint of boiling milk.

A paste for thickening sauces is kept at hand for constant use. Here is the way to make one that will keep a long time: Cut equal amounts of beef, veal and pork suet in small pieces. Put them in a kettle with very little water and slowly render. Turn off the first fat, and when very hot stir in flour until it forms a thick paste—about a pint of flour to a pint of liquid fat. Put these into a graniteware vessel and place in an oven and cook three to four hours. Keep in glass jars covered.

HE TURNED ON THE GAS.

Another Incident of the Youth of George Washington.

Mrs. Pickett, the widow of General Pickett, hero of the desperate rebel charge at Gettysburg, relates an anecdote of an old mammy whom she discovered at Fredericksburg and who veritably believes that she was Washington's first nurse. Here is her story:

"She was an old woman in a linsey woolsey petticoat and a bright turban, and we found her in one of our jaunts around the city and took a kodak picture of her. One of the company asked her in fun if she remembered Washington—you see, she was very old."

"'Deed an deedy I do, miss,' she answered glibly.

"'Perhaps you were one of his nurses, mammy.'

"'Dat am jess so, missy—I nursed him when he was a leetle mite er baby.'

"'Oh, then, you must have known about the cherry tree?'

"But she did not, and it was explained to her and she listened with much interest.

"'Ize don know nothin 'bout no cherry tree, missy, but I 'members 'sactly when his maw found him in her room an de gas a-burnin 'cause he done turn it on.'

"'Did he tell her he turned it on, mammy?'

"'Deed an deedy he did, foh he nebber tole no lie.'

"'But, mammy, there wasn't any gas in those days.'

"'Yes, dere was, honey. I 'members dat too.'"

We decided that old mammy had been the servant of some George Washington, but not our own immortal George, and we left her to enjoy her peculiar delusion undisturbed.—New York Mail and Express.

A Crow That Ate Clams.

"I knew a man once," said a fisherman, "who had a pet crow that used to come down to meet him when he came in from fishing. The crow's owner was a fisherman. His boat might be among 40 or 50 other boats, all coming in together, but the crow never made any mistake. He always knew his own boat. He liked clams, and when he came aboard his owner would knock a couple of clams together—that would break one—and put the broken clam down for the crow to eat, and then he would go on rowing, and that's the way they always came ashore, the fisherman pulling on the oars and the crow sitting alongside of him eating clams."—New York

A COSTLY PORTRAIT.

The Price Made Him Gasp, but He Paid and Said Nothing.

Some years ago when Benjamin Constant came over to this country especially to paint the portrait of a well known New York woman, several other persons took advantage of his being here and gave him orders for their portraits. Among these was a well known man. Shortly after this latter likeness was completed a wealthy westerner who happened to be in this city was entertained at the house of the New Yorker. The westerner saw the portrait and much admired it. "My wife wants me to get my portrait painted," he said. "That's one reason why I'm in New York. I wonder if this French fellow wouldn't do mine too." His host assured him that in all probability the "French fellow" would be only too delighted. Before long the westerner was experiencing all the glory and honor of "sitting for his portrait."

One day some time after this, but before the picture was finished, the westerner was again entertained by his New York friend. The portrait was naturally referred to. "By the way," remarked the westerner, "how much did he charge for your picture?" "Forty-five hundred dollars," was the answer. "Why?" But the westerner was beyond speech. Pale and breathless, he leaned back in his chair, and when he did speak it was simply to gasp forth, "Forty-five hundred dollars!" "Forty-five hundred dollars!" over and over again.

It transpired later that he had made no inquiries as to terms, and that he had never dreamed that the portrait's price would be more than $150. What worried him most was what his wife would say. But the old fellow was game. He first bound the New Yorker over to temporary secrecy, after which he proceeded to go through those sittings to the bitter end without a murmur or a question as to the ultimate cost. Benjamin Constant never knew that the bill for $5,000 (the westerner's portrait was larger than the New Yorker's) that was presented later caused the slightest ripple upon the emotional surface of his patron. But in a certain western home there today hangs a painting the price of which has never yet been revealed to the mistress of the house.—New York Sun.

HOW TALC IS QUARRIED.

Where It Comes From and the Manner of Sending It to Market.

At Luzenac, in the upper valley of the Ariege, talc is quarried on an extensive scale in the granite of St. Barthelemy, a mountain 7,700 feet high and about 20 miles from the main chain of the Pyrenees. The quarries, which are situated about two miles from the summit and 5,900 feet above the sea, are opened in a bedded deposit, included between micaschist below and lower silurian slates above, which has been followed for about 2,000 yards in a north and south direction, with a dip of about 60 degrees to the east, the thickness varying from 160 to 1,000 feet, as does also the composition. Masses of limestone and granite, the latter often of considerable size, are frequently found included in the silicate of magnesia, which also contains some alumina.

The best rock is of a brilliant white color and feels greasy to the touch when ground to fine powder. The principal quarry, at Tremouin, is worked in the open, across the direction of the bed, forming two or three terraces 50 feet high, the surface covering, 6 to 10 feet thick, having been first stripped. The stuff broken is carried by a level, in the bottom of the quarry, driven in the foot wall of the vein to the valley of Axiat, whence it is hauled in bullock wagons about 12 miles to the works of Luzenac, where a water power of 90 horsepower is obtained from the Ariege. The mechanical preparation includes sizing by sieves, driving in a rotating cylinder furnace, breaking, grinding and sifting.

Nearly the whole of the product is converted into powder, only a small part being made into pencils for marking out work on metal or sold in the lump form.—Colliery Guardian.

Reversing Nature.

The reversibility of the physical processes of nature has latterly been the subject of interesting comment. Lord Kelvin, for example, has been credited with saying that all of them, no matter how complex they might appear to the human senses, consist in reality of the motions of invisible molecules, and if, therefore, by some means, all these molecules could, at the same time, be made to move in exactly the opposite direction, and each with the same velocity that it possessed at the moment, all the world would begin and continue to move backward; waterfalls would flow up the sides of cliffs, rivers would run upward from the sea, rain would rise, full blown flowers would shrink into buds and plants dwindle into seedlings, man himself would become young again, passing from old age to infancy. Just what kind of pictures such a topsy-turvy world would present may be seen with a kinetoscope running backward. Professor Quercult, according to report, has made observations in this line, and some time ago communicated them to the French Academy of Science.—Cassier's Magazine.

THE SNOW MIRACLE.

"The age of miracles," they say, "is past;
Christ walks no more upon the yielding wave,
Nor does the Spirit breathe, to bless or save,
On mortal man." And then the winter blast

Comes shrieking from beyond the sunset glow;
The dancing waves grow solid as a floor
To bear the burden of one wonder more—
God breathes upon the mist, and it is snow.
—J. L. Heaton in "The Quilting Bee."

A YOUTH'S ADVENTURES.

Which, Whether Truth or Fiction, Are Decidedly Interesting.

When riding in the tram car through the wildest parts of Peckham Rye, writes a contributor to the London News, with a friend—we were bound on a journalistic errand—a bronzed young man of marine appearance jumped into the car and at once recognized my companion. Before we had gone very far I was deep in one of the oddest family histories. This new arrival, it seems, when a boy of 14, had been possessed by the fear of consumption, that fell disease having carried off his brother and threatening his father and mother. Accordingly he read every book that he could lay his hands on dealing with the subject, and, as the result of his reading, ran away to Bournemouth to be near the pines. Having no funds, he engaged himself to a local fishmonger, carrying his master's fish to the various customers. When the day's work was done, he shouldered a hammock which he had brought with him and camped among some of these pines for which that southern health resort is famous.

One night a gentleman, sauntering along, smoking a cigar, noticed him, and, being amazed at this "al fresco" bed, entered into conversation with him. "Why, I know who you are," exclaimed the consumptive youth at last. "You're Mr. Louis Stevenson, the man who wrote 'Treasure Island.'" "How do you know?" said the gentleman. "Because I deliver you fish. You live at Skerryvore." "So I do," replied Stevenson, for he it was sure enough. "But you don't talk like a fishmonger's boy." "No more I do," replied the boy, and he then poured his strange secret into the novelist's ear, which was sympathetic enough, you may be sure.

The result of this odd meeting was an invitation to breakfast. "Oh, and I did eat," said the young man. He told the story so loudly that the whole train laughed. "And the servants couldn't make it out at all to see the distinguished author entertaining poor me. Then he went to Paris, and I never saw him again for a long while." The pines not proving strong enough, the strange youth was seized with a yearning for the scent of the eucalyptus and persuaded his friends to send him to sea. When he reached Sydney, he sold his outfit and ran away into the bush and lived in the open with eucalyptus galore. Thence, after many adventures, he sailed for the south seas and abode by reef and palm for many a long year.

One day when cruising as supercargo among the Gilbert islands, I think, a European swell in beautiful white duck, a great red sash and a spreading panama hat, with a peacock's feather in it, came aboard the schooner. "Good morning, Mr. Stevenson," said the supercargo. Mr. Stevenson looked and wondered who knew him in these faroff seas. "I don't know you," he said, shaking his head. "But I know you. Don't you remember the fishmonger's boy who ate such a big breakfast, at Skerryvore?" "So I do. Well, the world is small indeed." And no doubt the two had pegs and tiffin—or whatever they call such things in the islands—together. What a strange, small world it is indeed! Well, one succumbed to the dread disease; the other is as hearty a fellow as ever I saw. It was a quaint, grim fancy to go dodging phthisis all over the world!—London News.

An Escaloped Fish.

An escaloped fish which Miss Parloa gives as an especial dainty at her cooking classes is made (the proportions are easily doubled for a larger quantity) from a pint of cooked fish, free from bones and skin, a teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper, a tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of flour, 1½ gills of milk (this is a little less than a cupful) and 4 tablespoonfuls of grated bread crumbs. Season the fish with half the salt and pepper. Put a generous half of the butter in a small saucepan on the fire. When it is hot, add the flour and stir till the mixture is smooth and frothy. Boil up once and stir in the rest of the seasoning. Put a layer of the sauce in a small baking dish, alternating with the fish, having sauce on top. Sprinkle over with the bread crumbs and dot with the rest of the butter. Bake in a moderately hot oven 20 minutes. The caution was added that any dish made with sauce and crumbs needs that the heat should be moderate at the bottom and strong at the top. The difference between dried bread crumbs and stale bread grated was also accentuated. In this dish the latter is obligatory.—New York Post.

Composer Tours.

English papers announce the death, after a long illness, of Berthold Tours, the well known musician and composer. Mr. Tours was a Dutchman by birth, having been born in Rotterdam in 1828. He studied at Leipsic and Brussels, went to England in 1861 and for a good many years served as a violinist in Costa's orchestra. For the last 19 years, however, he had occupied the responsible post of reader and editor to the great firm of Novello & Co., in which capacity he did an immense amount of useful work in the "reduction" of orchestral scores to their pianoforte form. He was also a voluminous composer of graceful violin pieces, songs, hymn tunes, anthems and church services.

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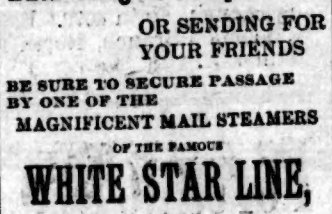

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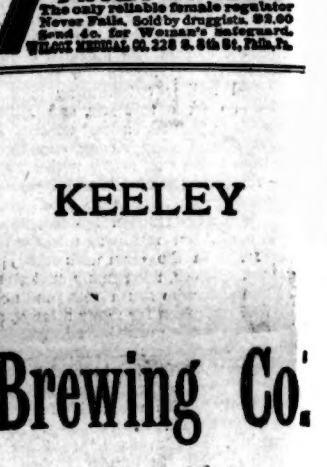

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ESTATE OF CHARLES McGOURTY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Charles McGourty, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1897, being the 17th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, March 31, 1897.

HUGH P. McGOURTY, Administrator.

P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

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